

# THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS



No. 301.—VOL. XII.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1879.

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Great success of the new Irish Drama, THE DEATH WARRANT: or, A RACE FOR LIFE, supported by the splendid company of the establishment. Concluding, on Monday and Tuesday, with STAGE STRUCK; other nights, the Drama of GUY FAUX. Grand display of Fireworks in the Grounds on Wednesday, Nov. 5th, and Saturday, 8th. Dancing in Grounds and Hall every evening.

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RIVIERE'S PROMENADE CONCERTS.  
M. RIVIERE'S BENEFIT, SATURDAY NEXT.  
Nov. 8th. Special Attractions. By kind permission of A. L. Drake, Esq., the Company from the Olympic Theatre will appear in Costume and sing a selection from Vasseur's new and successful opera MARI-GOLD, conducted by M. Van Biene. On this occasion also each visitor to any part of the Theatre will receive a Carte de Visite of Miss Emma Thursby, the celebrated American Soprano (by Disderi), and every occupant of a seat in the Stalls, Dress Circle, or Boxes, will be presented with a Complimentary Copy of E. Waldteufel's new and successful Polka, "Bonne Bouche," for pianoforte. Prices of admission: Promenade, and Gallery, 2s.; Stalls, 5s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Boxes, £1 1s., £2 2s., £3 3s., and £4 4s., each.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.—CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK, and VENUS. Great success. Roars of laughter. Crowded houses. Reappearance of Mr. Edgar Bruce as Guy Devereux. Doors open at 7.0. Performance will commence at 7.30 with MEM. 7; followed by the enormously successful comedy, CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK, by Geo. R. Sims; at 10, VENUS, by E. Rose and A. Harris. Music by E. Solomon. Messrs. Carton, H. Astley, H. Saker, Sam Wilkinson, Desmond, and Charles Groves; Mesdames Nelly Bromley, Edith Blande, Marie Williams, Hastings, Phoebe Don, Vane, Ward, Abraham, Carlin, Rose Cullen, &c.; and chorus. No booking fees. Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. George Keogh.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD. Open at 6.30. Commence at 6.45. Over at 11. At 6.45, ROSE OF AUVERGNE. At 7.30, Byron's Drama, DAISY FARM. At 9.45, Byron's Burlesque, HERNANI. Misses Farren, Vaughan, Amalia, Coote, Bruce, and Willes; Messrs. Maclean, Macklin, Beveridge, Elton, Royce, and Terry, and Mr. Henry J. Byron. Prices from 1s. No fees. Afternoon performances every Saturday at 2.30.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—This (Saturday) evening, November 1, and every evening (Wednesday excepted), at 8 o'clock, will be presented Shakespeare's Comedy of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE; Shylock, Mr. Irving; Messrs. Forrester, Barnes, F. Cooper, Elwood, Pinero, Forbes, Beaumont, Tyars, Johnson, C. Cooper, Carter. Mesdames Alma, Murray, Florence Terry, and Miss Ellen Terry. The scenery has been painted by Mr. Hawes Craven, Mr. H. Cuthbert, Mr. Walter Hann, and Mr. William Telbin. The incidental music specially composed by Mr. Hamilton Clarke, and will be executed by a selected choir and full orchestra. The costumes by Auguste and Co., and Mrs. Reid. Box-office open till 5. HAMLET Wednesday next, Nov. 5, and each succeeding Wednesday until further notice. Stage Manager, Mr. H. J. Loveday; acting manager, Mr. Bram Stoker.—LYCEUM.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—50th Night of James Albery's successful comedy, TWO ROSES.—On Saturday next, November 8th, at 8 the celebrated Comedy in three acts, written by James Albery, entitled TWO ROSES (44th and following nights). Every Evening at 7.30, HOME FOR HOME. Concluding with OUR DOMESTICS, by F. Hay. Supported by Messrs. Henry Howe, Thomas Thorne, W. Herbert, Gathorne, Bradbury, Austin, L. Fredericks, Hargreaves, and David James; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Telbin, Palmer, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

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EVERY EVENING at 8, NEW BABYLON, by Paul Meritt. Return of the original company, as patronised by T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales. Box-office open daily. No charge for booking.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mr. HARE and Mr. KENDAL, Lessees and Managers.—EVERY EVENING at 7.45, a New and Original One Act Play, by Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A., entitled MONSIEUR LEDUC, in which Mr. Hare will appear as the Duc de Riche-lieu; after which the highly successful Comedy, by Mr. G. W. Godfrey, THE QUEEN'S SHILLING. Characters by Mrs. Kendal, Miss C. Nott, Miss Kate Phillips, Mr. Kendal, Mr. Terriss, Mr. Wenman, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Cathcart, and Mr. Hare. Box Office hours 11.0 to 5.0. No fees.—Acting Manager, Mr. Huy.

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NEW SADIERS WELLS.—Every evening at 7.30, ROB ROY, produced with the greatest care as regards scenery, costumes, &c., to realise Highland Life as described by Sir Walter Scott, and received by the entire London press with the warmest expressions of approval. Characters, by Messrs. Walter Bentley, E. Cotte, B. Lyons, F. W. Wyndham, R. Lyons, A. Redwood, Fosbrooke, &c.; Mesdames Charles Calvert, Irwine, Meldenhall, &c. Gilroy's Troupe of Dancers and Pipers. Full and efficient chorus, and nearly 200 auxiliaries as soldiers, drovers, Highlanders, peasant women and children, &c., Scotch ballads and duets. New Sadler's Wells has wide staircases, excellent ventilation, and comfortable seats in every part of the house. Prices from 7s. 6d. to 6d. No restrictions as to evening dress. Doors Open at 7. Performance concludes about 10.30. Box Office open daily under the direction of Mr. W. Charman. Places can be booked at all the Libraries.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.—Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. JOHN and RICHARD DOUGLASS.—Engagement for Twelve Nights only, Miss Sarah Thorne's Flying Scud Company. Nat Gosling, Mr. George Thorne. On Monday, Nov. 3, and following evenings, at 7.45, FLYING SCUD, by Dion Boucicault. Messrs. George Thorne, E. Hallows, George Earl Willis; Mesdames Hatherly, Kate Kearney, May, Helen Mayne, and Margaret Souby. All the original effects. The Derby Day, Calais Sands. Preceded at 7.15 by A CAMERA OBSCURA. Monday, Nov. 24, the celebrated opera of CARMEN.

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148, STRAND, W.C.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Lessee, Miss FANNY JOSEPHS.

Under the direction of C. A. Drake, Esq. Every evening at 8.15, the new and successful Opera Comique in three Acts MARI-GOLD. Music by Leon Vasseur, libretto by Arthur Matthison, new scenery by Messrs. Gordon and Harford, new and magnificent costumes by Mrs. May, increased orchestra and numerous chorus. Principal characters by Mesdames Mulholland, Kate Sullivan, Isabelle Muncey, Fanny Edwards, &c., Messrs. Fred Wood, Arthur Rouseby, Michael Dwyer, George Mudie, &c. Preceded at 7.30 by AFTER ALL. Places may be secured at the Box-Office from 11 till 5 daily, and at all Libraries. Private Boxes, 1 to 3 guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No booking fees. Conductor, Mons. Van Biene. Two Matinees only will be given, viz., on Saturday November 16th, and Saturday, November 29th. Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. James Guiver.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—NICHOLAS NICKLEBY every evening at 8. Messrs. H. Neville, J. Fernandez, J. G. Taylor, E. H. Brooke, R. Pateman, F. W. Irish, and H. Vezin. Mesdames L. Foote, H. Coveney, C. Jecks, E. Duncan, E. Heffer and A. Mellon. Doors open at 6.30. FOUR PILLICODDY, at 7. To conclude with JESSAMY'S COURTSHIP. Box Office open 10 to 5. No booking-fees.

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THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

ALREADY Christmas numbers are beginning to appear upon the bookstalls, and friends of this journal may like to know what is forthcoming for them. I do not think they will be disappointed. Captain Hawley Smart has written what he tells me is, he thinks, the best short story he has ever turned out. Mr. Frederic Boyle, special correspondent of the Standard, and author of "Camp Notes," "The Savage Life," and "The Diary of an Expelled Correspondent"—his adventures with the Russian army, before the Czar, getting the worst of it before Plevna, objected to correspondents, and more or less politely dismissed Mr. Boyle—has sent one of his graceful and graphic descriptions of Christmas in strange places. I do not know of a more charming writer. Mr. W. Yardley, the Kentish cricketer, a man of might in his 'Varsity days, contributes a strange story, called "The Veiled Picture." Mr. Gilbert à Beckett, the clever son of a clever father, sends "The Poor Player: a Progressive Romance." The "Captious Critic" relates "The History of a Hare's Foot"; Sir Charles Young has utilised his experiences abroad in telling the story of "Red Joe," and Mr. Lewis Wingfield, author of "Lady Grizel" and "The Lords of Strogue," calls his contribution "Haymaking." Mr. Ashby Sterry gives to the world the truth about "The Harbour Master's Revenge." The author of "Sketches in the Hunting Field" has set down his adventures while on "An Eccentric Chase." "Bagatelle" records other adventures in connection with "Uncle John's New Horse." Mr. Savile Clarke has devoted himself to the composition of some of



those neat verses with which his name is associated. Mr. H. S. Pearce has promised a "Hunting Story." Mr. A. H. Wall, one of the oldest contributors to these columns, has something to tell. Mr. G. A. Henty, another well known "Special Correspondent," and yet another, Mr. J. A. O'Shea, will lend their powerful assistance. Mr. Hersee will be in his usual place, and so will "Amphion"; and finally—so far as present arrangements have been made—Mr. Arthur Cecil and an obscure comedian named Toole have undertaken to help. We have already in the office enough pictures to make three Christmas numbers, and the best will be chosen; so that if we do not succeed it will not be for want of forethought and diligence.

A DELIGHTFUL story of the bitter bit comes from Ireland. A relative of Mr. Charles Parnell—a gentleman who might be dangerous were he less contemptible—collects the rents on the estates of the unpopular Member—that is, of course, to say when the tenants are willing to disburse. The agent attended lately and the tenants kept the appointment; but they did not pay their rent. "Sure, your honour," said the spokesman, "we have too much respect for Master Charlie's advice to think of paying rent these cruel hard times!" The agent explained that that was not quite what Master Charles had meant, but the argument had sunk too deeply to be eradicated.

SOME years ago a gentleman was riding in Dieppe, and when passing near the port, one of the packets, in letting off steam, frightened his horse, which bolted furiously and killed both itself and its rider. The gentleman had a brother-in-law, the Baron de Cortenberg, who is fond of horses and knows something about them; and he has designed a bit intended and, as it seems, well calculated to prevent the repetition of such an accident. The invention may be seen at Messrs. Latchford and Wilson's, Upper St. Martin's-lane, and is certainly a most effective-looking contrivance. I have not tried it on a horse, but that it will stop a bolter there can be little doubt, however hard he may be going. What he will do when he is stopped is another matter, but I should fancy that a good many horses would be straight up on their hind legs as soon as ever they could check their pace. This, however, is the rider's look out, and it is a great thing to be able to stop a tearing brute that is taking you at railway pace over a country that neither of you knows anything about. A number of testimonials from those who have tried the "check bits," as they are called, look promising, and it is claimed, as one of the recommendations of the bit, that it is unusually soft when not required to do strong service.

WHILE on the subject of bits and mouths, I may say that I have had a most interesting conversation with Mr. Henry Leffler, whose name, if I am not greatly mistaken, is destined to become famous. Mr. Leffler has all Rarey's power over horses, and turns it to the most valuable account. He entertains a theory—or to speak more to the point, he has ascertained—that about four horses out of five have constantly wounds and cuts in the mouth caused by the action of the bit and the mastication of food, which they would not obtain in a state of nature. The result is, that the teeth are worn to sharp edges, the mouth is injured, and the horse is in pain as he works and as he eats. A great many friends of mine, I know full well, would say that this is nonsense, that their horses never show any symptoms of sufferings, and that Mr. Leffler, who is, in fact, a horse's dentist, is simply making out a case to prove the necessity for the exercise of the art. Mr. Leffler, however, convinced me entirely; and it may shake the opinions of sceptics to hear, that during the last year he has operated on the teeth of 800 racehorses in the best English stables, Blair Athol, George Frederick, Sefton, Rayon d'Or, Zut, Falmouth—the worst case he ever knew—Verneuil, and others equally famous among the number. Now, when Messrs. Jennings, Alec Taylor, Peck, &c., give in their adherence to a "theory" about horses, and when among Mr. Leffler's adherents are such personages as Mr. Edmund Tattersall, Mr. Myers, of circus renown, and other equally good judges, who have given hearty testimonials, it will be admitted that there may just possibly be "something in it." I naturally asked Mr. Leffler how he managed with George Frederick, as little amiable a horse as one could find in a day's journey; but the fact of a horse being a savage does not in the slightest degree affect this extraordinary man. Sometimes a horse runs at him, for he always operates with the animal quite loose in a box. What happens next he cannot quite explain; but in a minute he invariably has his hand in the horse's mouth, and he asserts—with Mr. Tattersall to support him—that horses understand, appreciate, and even enjoy the operation. Mr. Leffler's opinion of, and respect for, a horse's intelligence is great. "They know I don't want to make fools of them, and they don't want to make a fool of me," he says in his curious accent, for the "Professor" is, I fancy, a Dutch American, and could give the truest inflection to Hans Breitmann. I am delighted at the opportunity of writing of Mr. Leffler, for I believe that he is doing, and will do, immense good. Youatt, it may be added, confessed that he knew little of horses' teeth, and less eminent authorities, though they do not make Youatt's candid confession, scarcely know more than did that accomplished writer.

THIS reply of a nervous but well-meaning young man was not altogether a happy one. He was in conversation with a decidedly middle-aged young lady of skittish demeanour, and the talk turned upon age. The antique damsel smiled sweetly, and said to him, "And how old should you take me to be, now?" He stammered confusedly. "Oh! it's so difficult to say—I'm sure you can't be so old—I mean—you are, of course—a great deal younger than you look!" It was aimed as a compliment, but missed the mark.

If any trader thinks it worth his while to be piously puffed in Dr. Joseph Parker's *Fountain* he need not despair. Here is a letter, in Dr. Parker's handwriting, which was sent lately to a friend of mine, the managing director of a famous company which is not in need of

ecclesiastical puffery. It is dated from what should be a sacred place, but appears to be an advertising office:—

The City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

To the Manager of the ——— Company.

Sir,—I venture to call your early attention to the annexed page, as I am sure the suggestion which is found there is worthy of adoption. The *Fountain* goes into thousands upon thousands of families every week. Some of the most noted firms in London have accepted our terms. One of them has just ordered twenty thousand copies of an article upon their business.

The cheque is payable at the time of giving the order. I have to preach at — on October 15th, and shall inquire then about your company.—I am, respectfully yours,

JOSEPH PARKER.

The "annexed page" relates how a Special Commissioner is writing articles on "Busy London: Notes on Workshops and Warehouses," and gives the results of his visits "in the form of Literary Articles, so written as to excite the attention of the public." "The articles will be submitted (when desired) to the respective firms before being published in the *Fountain*," and after a little delicate hinting about "supplements in the form of advertisements" there comes the gist of the matter, that the Special Commissioner respectfully requests permission to wait upon the company in question, and "the inclusive fee for the visit, the literary article, and the whole page supplement will be £21." It appears, therefore, that what is vulgarly called a "puff" is inserted in the *Fountain* under the guise of genuine editorial matter, and that the puff is submitted to the respective firms (when desired) before being published in the *Fountain*. This valuable organ is intended for "all Christian Ministers; all Local Preachers; all Christian Families; all Sunday School Teachers; and all Sections of Christian Society," all of whom may be questionably enlightened on the surpassing merits of the firm which will pay twenty guineas for the privilege. "Special regard is paid to the department of Fiction," the prospectus says, and in the matter of the advertising firms we can well believe it. The journal is—as regards the choice of tradesmen who advertise liberally—"a Sunday Companion and a Pulpit Help." It is also said to be "Progressive." In the matter of pious advertisements—that is, of course, to say supplements—decidedly so. And yet there are some people who have no very profound respect for Dr. Joseph Parker's organ!

MANY of Rossini's witticisms are familiar to most readers, but here is one, related by the *American Musical Times*, which I have not heard before. It happened in 1867. At a musical re-union given by some aristocratic amateurs, a lady, who was to have sung a cavatina from *Semiramide*, refused to do so when she heard that Rossini was among the guests. Coaxed and entreated by her friends, she finally consented, in spite of her timidity, and before going to the piano, in a state of great agitation, she whispered to Rossini, who had arisen to escort her, "Oh, dear maestro, you have no idea how I tremble! Just think, to sing *your* music! I am frightened to death." "So am I, madame," was the response. It is almost too cruel to be credible, but that Rossini's love for good things was greater than his politeness. How the cavatina was delivered the relater of the anecdote does not say.

If all duels ended as comfortably and pleasantly as that in which a French banker once appeared as principal we might well regret that the days of duelling are over. The story is related in a book which has lately been published in France on the laws of the single combat. This banker went out with a gentleman who fired and hit the man of money in the side. But, as it happened, he had put into his pocket a purse containing some of his stock-in-trade, and against this the bullet struck. The gold pieces saved him from any particular injury, and things were put upon a cheerful footing by his adversary, who, with much neatness, complimented him on the "judicious way in which he had invested his money."

COLONEL MAPLESON and Mr. Max Maretzek, a New York manager, have fallen out, and this is very unwise of Colonel Mapleson, because, though Mr. Maretzek is a foreigner, he knows enough English to put together epigrams of a very disagreeable character—spiky little sentences of the kind which sound nasty and do not seem to mean anything particular. His last shot is to the effect that Colonel Mapleson is "a manager by the grace of his *prima donna* and a colonel by the patience of the alphabet." Now Colonel Mapleson, is, I believe, a gallant commander of a corps of volunteers, and no doubt he would nobly lead his troops to victory if he chanced to know how it was done, and did not happen to have an important engagement elsewhere at the time. None the less, there is a good deal of sting carefully concealed in the foreigner's English epigrams. It is wicked and foolish to quarrel with anyone, but most particularly with people who fire off remarks of this character, the more so when you are not happy at telling repartee.

A CORRESPONDENT has arranged the whole scheme of a National Theatre in the simplest and clearest manner possible. The preliminary arrangements are lucidity itself:—"The body should commence with, let us say, twenty-four members, who should be entitled to the affix M.R.N.T. (Member of the Royal National Theatre). On a day appointed these members should be elected by the suffrages of the profession, a claim to vote being previously recognised by a professional committee appointed by the committee of ways and means. The original twenty-four members should then have the power of electing twenty others, or of extending the number of members to forty, and also of electing associates. But they should not be compelled to elect the full complement immediately, but at their discretion, and every new member should have the power of voting for the election of future members." I must confess this sounds to me rather like the old genealogical puzzle, "If Dick's father was Tom's son," &c.; but as I do not expect to find a National Theatre in this country until perpetual motion has been discovered, and people fly to the play instead of going on wheels, it does not very much matter.

THERE is a resignation and modesty about this advertisement from a recent number of the *New York Herald* which one rarely finds in our wicked world. "Will the person that found a young lady's pocket, containing 200 dollars, in the Philadelphia train yesterday, please send her 50 dollars of it? She is a perfect stranger in New York, without money or friends. Address E.C., *Herald* Office." The word "found" is particularly delicate under the circumstances.

THERE was—and is, for the matter of that—an old gentleman, white-haired and excessively amiable, and he was talking to an ingenuous youth, who has already made himself a reputation as a gentleman rider in Ireland. Towers, we will call him, goes as straight as an arrow; the bigger things are the more he likes them—and the amiable old gentleman smilingly asked him one day in the club whether he was not very fond of horses? "Fond of 'em. I love 'em. I adore 'em!" Towers—it is not quite his name—enthusiastically replied, "I think I prefer them to my brothers and sisters." "So I have heard," mildly responded his friend, "and as I happened to have it in my pocket, it occurred to me that you would like the box at Astley's Amphitheatre for this evening," and he smilingly held out the ticket of admission. Towers was going to say something, but on looking up at his old friend's simple face, glowing with benevolence and innocent satisfaction, he saw that he was not being chaffed, much as it looked like it. So he put aside the eloquent rejoinder that had arisen to his tongue for future use, and only remarked that "he didn't care much for horses like those." But for the rest of the evening Towers was sad.

RAPIER.

#### THE BELFORD BENEFIT FUND.

A MEETING of the committee organised to arrange a benefit for William Belford, an accomplished actor and great-hearted gentleman, upon whom hard times have undeservedly fallen, took place at the Temple Club on Thursday evening. Mr. John Hollingshead was in the chair, supported by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, Messrs. H. J. Byron, J. Knight, Ashby-Sterry, A. E. T. Watson, David James, Edward Ledger; Clement Scott and Charles Dickens, hon. secs. Mr. Irving and Mr. Thorne were prevented from attending, but the latter sent a practical proof of sympathy in the shape of a donation of twenty-five pounds. In addition to this, Mr. Ledger announced the following list of subscriptions already received:—

Jonas Levy .....	£10 10 0	Dillon Croker .....	£2 2 0
G. D. Lister .....	10 10 0	E. L. Blanchard .....	2 2 0
H. J. Byron .....	10 10 0	Samuel Hayes .....	1 1 0
Mrs. Sara Lane .....	5 5 0	Arthur Dacre .....	1 1 0
Mrs. M. A. Swanborough .....	5 5 0	G. B. Loveday .....	1 1 0
Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft .....	5 5 0	David Fisher .....	1 1 0
Earle L. Douglas .....	5 5 0	Eliot Galer .....	1 1 0
J. Anderson Rose .....	5 5 0	A. Maynard .....	1 1 0
J. Hollingshead .....	5 5 0	Major Charles Harding .....	1 1 0
Edward Ledger .....	5 5 0	Addison Douglas .....	1 1 0
Sydney M. Samuel .....	3 3 0	F. Schoning .....	0 10 6

A better proof of the sympathy which exists for William Belford could not be given, for at present the fact of the proposed benefit has scarcely been made generally public. As already announced, Mr. Henry Irving has most kindly promised to play Digby Grant in the *Two Roses*, and most likely the after piece will be the *Trial from Pickwick*, with a strong cast and a remarkable crowd of "spectators in court." The date of the benefit, which will take place at the Lyceum, is to be fixed at the next meeting of the Committee, on Tuesday afternoon. In all probability the first week in December will be chosen.

NATIONAL DOG SHOW, BIRMINGHAM.—We are requested to remind intending exhibitors that the entries close on Monday next, November 3, and as great numbers are refused every year for want of room, application should be made at once.

"The Stage Door" is the title of Messrs. Routledge and Sons, annual for the coming Christmas. The editor is Mr. Clement Scott. A notice of it will appear in our next.

The beautifully-wooded eyot in the Thames, just above Kew-bridge—bearing the local name of Mattingshaw—is being rapidly destroyed by the tide, in consequence either of the embankment which has been made during recent years of the river side in its neighbourhood, or of an increase in the volume of the Thames flood water.

The winter pigeon-shooting of the Gun Club, Notting-hill, will commence on Saturday, November 8. The programme comprises many prizes and a winter cup with accumulative stakes. The shooting days will be Wednesday and Saturday until the middle of January.

NUMEROUS flights of woodcocks are passing over Jersey from the north, making their way to the warmer climate of France. Many have been shot on their passage, and are found to be large plump birds. The early departure—some few weeks before the usual time—is said to denote an early and severe winter.

At a meeting of the Cambridge University Cricket Club, Mr. C. A. G. Steel, of Trinity Hall, was elected captain for the ensuing year; the Hon. Ivo Bligh, Trinity, honorary secretary; and Mr. H. Whitfield, Trinity, assistant treasurer.

MR. W. W. BOLTON, of Caius College, the president of the Cambridge University Athletic Club, has sustained a severe fracture of the leg whilst playing football, which will preclude him from running this season.

COLONEL SAMUEL WARD, the father of the celebrated actress, Miss Genevieve Ward, died some few weeks since. He had been suffering from ill-health for some time past, and was delicate when his daughter sailed for Europe, in May last, that he was compelled to remain in New York. He was untiring in his devotion to his daughter, and she returned his affection. He was over seventy years of age, had a tall, handsome, commanding figure, and was a polished gentleman of the old school.

THE Eastbourne Harriers have had some capital sport. The meet at Captain Taylor's, at the Glen Leigh, brought a large field. The scent in the morning was excellent, no fewer than four hares being found, of which three were killed.

THE Prince of Wales, accompanied by Count Gleichen, and attended by Colonel Ellis, left Marlborough House shortly after ten o'clock on Wednesday morning for Windsor, in order to enjoy a day's shooting in the Great Park. The Royal party drove to Paddington, and travelled by the half-past ten Great Western train, arriving at Windsor at a quarter-past eleven o'clock. A *char à banc*, drawn by four handsome bays, was in attendance at the station, and in this, preceded by one of the Queen's outriders, the Prince drove through the town, and past the Spital Barracks to the Flemish Farm. Here, although the weather was somewhat dull and overcast, his Royal Highness and friends found excellent sport among the well-stocked coverts, which abound with pheasants and ground game. Luncheon was served at Cranbourne Tower, the Prince of Wales returning later on by Great Western train to the metropolis.



## FAMOUS PLAYERS OF THE PAST.

By A. H. WALL.

(CONTINUED.)

## CHARLES MATHEWS THE ELDER.

WHERE now stands the Charing Cross Railway station, or quite close beside it, in the last century stood a little low-fronted old-fashioned shop, well established, and flourishing under the proprietorship of one James Mathews, a rigidly respectable and sternly pious Calvinistic bookseller, who on Sundays and certain other occasions officiated as minister in one of Lady Huntingdon's chapels, to which post of honour he had been appointed by her ladyship's very self in recognition of his exemplary character and strict principles. He was a grave, solemn, business-like man in whose quiet methodical house and shop smiling was regarded with disfavour and hearty laughter as shocking impiety. In his estimation all forms of amusement were wicked and the stage an utter abomination. Such as he was, his father—a native of Glamorganshire—had been before him.

Elizabeth, the wife of James Mathews, was a lady not less primly respectable, not less pious. But she despised in her heart "the wholesale dealers in brimstone" who shared her husband's religious convictions, and was herself a strict adherent to the tenets of the Church of England.

Sincere, simple-minded, guileless and unsuspecting, intrinsically honest and moral in all his transactions, Mr. Mathews was made the prey of a set of canting, meanly selfish fanatics who cast up their eyes and hands in despair of the world's wickedness while they preyed upon his purse and took half their meals with legs under his mahogany, talking the while of themselves as "the elect" specially honoured by divine "calls," and addressing him in terms of patronising affection as "brother."

In the year 1776, when the "Whiteboys" were so troublesome in Ireland, and war was raging between England and America, in the month of June, about three weeks after Mr. David Garrick had left the stage, and about half-past two o'clock in the morning, Mr. and Mrs. Mathews welcomed to light their seventh son, completing a family of fourteen. He was born in that old house, No. 18 in the Strand, which was pulled down in 1833 with the beneficent intention of giving to the art-loving public a full view of that once magnificent piece of architectural beauty—Hungerford Market! If you can remember it you will guess how grateful the admiring public must have been.

The infant lived a feeble, flickering kind of life, being subject to a species of hysteric fits, which distorted the poor little body's mouth and eyebrows to such an extent that at times they rendered him almost hideous. Folks exclaimed, "Bless the poor little dear! It is not a beauty, to be sure; but what a funny face it has!" They named him Charles.

When Charles Mathews was "a long, thin skewer of a child, of a restless, fidgety temperament," with very bright eyes, a mouth the "off" side of which displayed such fondness for one of his ears that it maintained a continual struggle to reach it, and one eyebrow elevated considerably above the other, there came into his father's shop, in which he was standing, a little, old, grave-looking gentleman in a laced coat, cocked hat, and open waistcoat, whom Mr. Mathews had never seen before. But the lady who was with him, a lady of undoubted talent, whom Horace Walpole called "Holy Hannah More," the distinguished moral writer, whose "Cælebs in Search of a Wife" was so long popular, and of whose little tract called "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" over a million copies were sold, was a very different personage, and one who was of no mean greatness and importance in the eyes of a pious bookseller and publisher. So Mr. James Mathews was doubtless most reverently attentive to her wishes when she introduced the stranger to him as the celebrated actor, Mr. David Garrick, who long before had written on one of Hannah More's early poems, as you may remember, these feeble lines:—

With feeling, elegance and force  
Unite their matchless power,  
And prove that from a heavenly  
source  
Springs "Eldred of the Bower."  
True, cries the god of verse, 'tis  
mine,  
And now the farce is o'er;  
To vex proud man, I wrote each  
line,  
And gave them Hannah More.

Garrick always noticed children, so he took up caressingly this little toddler, Charles Mathews, and looking into his face burst into a fit of such hearty laughter as must have astonished every good book on the shelves of that solemn shop, to say nothing of its owner's feelings.

"Why," said Garrick, "his face laughs all over, but certainly on the wrong side of his mouth!"

In after years, when James Mathews was old, he regarded that meeting as one of evil omen, which had affected the entire destiny of an unfortunate son who, in consequence thereof, by one means or another—the devil is so subtle!—had strayed like a lost sheep from the fold of righteousness into the very depths of sin and degradation by becoming what Garrick was—an actor.

In his autobiography Charles Mathews said "Hannah More was at that time of a serious cast, as it is called, but did not quite believe that the association with little Davy endangered the soul."

but in this respect she was, we presume, less scrupulous than he father of our hero was, as he afterwards absolutely refused to publish the lady's "sacred dramas," holding, we suppose, that the two words ought never to be associated, although, with an inconsistency common to men of his stamp, he



MR. W. TERRISS.

then had on his shelves, for sale, the works of the great English dramatic poets.

He most probably never read them, but still, as those of his own way of thinking may argue, even this pandering to an evil thing brought its punishment. For when his son Charles began to read he slighted pious works of high interest and importance, some being printed and published by his pious parent, such as the affecting "More Last Words of Mr. Baxter," the suggestive "High-heeled Shoes for Limping Christians," the sublimely imaginative "Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches," that noble book, "The Last Moments of a Pawn-

broker's Laundry Maid," "Huntingdon's Sinner Saved" (S.S.), and "Brother Hill's Experience of his Sainted Sarah." He slighted these improving pages, and brought forth for secret delightful reading a book which had long nestled unheeded, unsuspected, and forgotten in their midst, a "Beauties of the Living Dramatists," from which his heated imagination imbibed the earliest of his histrionic aspirations.

Charles Mathews commenced his education close by his home, at St. Martin's Freeschool, the master of which was then a Mr. Pownall, a remarkably handsome, pompous man, so fond of punishing his pupils that his favourite words, "Let this little gentleman feel the rod," were vaguely sounds of terror in the fancy of Charles Mathews long years after, when he had grown to man's estate. "Had I twenty sons," he used to say, "I would never send one to the school of a man fond of punishment."

At this school the usher was a quaint, lank, bony Scotchman, named Shaw, who squinted "more than a gentleman ought," and "used to shamle up and down the school by slow fits, rubbing his gamboge chin with his burnt-umber fingers," who, having a broad Scotch accent was duly fitted to teach the "Breetish languitch in its oreiginal peurity" to "the leering, sheepish, idle little animals who sat in rows up the room," and observed him awfully "walking before them like Aaron with his rod." Mathews says, "I was at that time particularly fond of carrying a bit of broken looking glass to dazzle 'Shaw's queer optics' with. Many were the convulsive, painfully-smothered laughs I and my coadjutors writhed under (while I remained undiscovered) at his simplicity and patience, enduring this infliction day after day, squinting up to discover through what cranny in the blind it was that the sun came in to occasion this annoyance. But at length I was caught in the fact; for, while I thought he was looking in an entirely opposite direction, I found he was looking me and my bit of glass full in face. I was horsed, and now really flogged—barbarously birched; while Pompey Pownall roared out, with a voice of thunder, this facetious moral:—'That, sir, will teach you, I hope, not to cast reflections on the heads of the school!'"

It was long before Mathews forgot the horrible cruelty of that savage beating. But it did not altogether exorcise from his unfortunate little carcass the native spirit of fun and mischief common to all classes of English boys.

There was at that time a man who sold eels in the streets, a broad, muscular fellow, with a peculiar guttural voice. His regular cry up and down the Strand and the neighbouring thoroughfares was "Live eels! conger eels, try my eels! silver eels! Dutch eels—threepence a pound, e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e," which, "taking a fresh supply of breath from his leathern lungs," says Mathews, "he eel-longated to such an extent that the last monosyllable frequently held out in undiminished force and energy, while he strided from Craven to Hungerford-street." To mimic this eccentric street cry of a well-known character soon became little Charley's ambition, and to the delight of his schoolfellows he soon succeeded, thereby exciting "various laughs, from the infant snigger to the adult roar." "Even my father's serious friends," wrote Mathews, "relaxed so far from their rigidity of muscle as to ha-ha-ha! nearly three times at my successful hitting off of his peculiarities." Thus encouraged, the boy thought he would win the approval of even the famous original, whose drollery excited the frequent remark "What a long eel!"

But, alas! we do not all appreciate successful mimicry. The brawny costermonger heard, saw, and pursued the mimic, caught him in his father's own shop, and with one terrific blow of his huge fist prostrated him on the floor.

"Next time," said the savage brute, "as you twists your little wry mouth about and cuts your mugs at a respectable tradesman, I'll skin you like an e-e-e," and seizing his whole shop up in his Broddingnagian arms, he finished the monosyllable about No. 27," nine doors away.

For weeks and months the unfortunate little mimic suffered from that terrible blow.

(To be continued.)



FAMOUS PLAYERS OF THE PAST.—MR. CHAS. MATHEWS, SENIOR, AS DICK CYPHER.

IMPRESARIO ALFRED FISCHER, nephew of M. Strakosch, has engaged the young violinist, Maurice Degenmont, 12 years old, for a term commencing 1st of May, 1880.

AN INFANT SEA SERPENT.—On Friday last, during the rough weather, Mr. Henry Hicks, of Bellambi, New South Wales, came across a very fine specimen of a sea snake on the beach near his farm. The reptile evidently had got among the breakers during the storm, and was washed high and dry on the sand. It was not quite dead when discovered, but was unable to move away. Its length is just about three feet, and, with the exception of a peculiar formation of tail and having a somewhat elongated head and no scales, it resembles a land snake. Its colour is a darkish gray. The tail, however, which for a few inches is flat, evidently for swimming purposes, is of a mottled colour, somewhat resembling the appearance of so much tortoiseshell. Preliminary to its being forwarded to the Sydney Museum, Mr. J. W. Hosking is preserving it at his medical hall. By descriptions of this species of sea snake which we have read they appear to be even more poisonous than ordinary land snakes.—*Sydney Morning Herald*.



## TURFIANA.

THOSE who repaired to Newmarket for the purpose of assisting at the sale of Thursday morning last, whether as interested intending purchasers or mere casual spectators, must have regretted the trouble taken to assist at such a solemn farce. Sires, brood mares, yearlings, foals, and horses in training all marched up the hill, and then marched down again, with pro-

voking regularity; for while customers would not even look at inferior lots, they positively declined to open their purse-strings to the required extent in the case of animals with heavy reserves upon them. Hence the business transacted was miserably insignificant, and this will be the case so long as vendors signally fail to read the signs of the times, and to regard their own property in the same light as other people's. Lord Falmouth is a nobleman of whose connection with the turf we may all be justly proud, and he has done the State good service by producing

some of the most successful candidates for turf honours of modern times; but he seems strangely to have erred in his estimate of the value of such sires as Childeric, Skylark, and Queen's Messenger, as well as in his valuation of Leap Year and Whirlwind. It is true a worse time could probably not have been chosen to weed out a stud or a stable, but even in the most flourishing of racing epochs we much doubt whether the reserve prices would have been forthcoming for the various lots offered for sale. With a recollection of the sums paid for well-tried



OTTER HUNTING.

mares (both at the post and in the paddock) before us, it seems passing strange that fair average performers like Leap Year and Whirlwind should have been valued at from 2,000 to 3,000 guineas each; and when we saw Silvio sent back at 7,000 guineas, prices paid for certain of our most successful sires rose vividly before us, and we were tempted to inquire why the sale was advertised to take place at all, and why the reserve prices were not fully set out in the catalogue.

Mr. Gretton seems to be not one whit disconcerted by his last year's purchase of a supposed ready-made Derby winner in Falmouth—at least, if we may judge from the style in which he has come up smiling with a larger amount in his hand for the purchase of Prestonpans. The latter will now rejoin Beaudesert at Kingsclere, and John Porter will have plenty of touts quartered upon his neighbours during the racing recess, and with Isonomy to tell them the time of day, no mistake should be made

in gauging the Derby pretensions of this formidable pair. A formidable opposition will be found, however, over the way at Russley, should Bend Or keep on his legs, while *Robert, toi que j'aime* will be the refrain of many a stable lad in Blanton's establishment during the winter months.

That part of Mr. Craven's motion having reference to the licensing of jockeys has been adopted by the Jockey Club, and the meeting was very fully attended, indicating the interest



taken by members in the important proposals before them. As regards the ownership of horses and betting amongst jockeys, however, the "noes" had it by a narrow majority, though the sting of the original motion naturally remained behind in the extra hold and control acquired over their servants by the Jockey Club, owing to the licensing idea having passed into law. At present we hardly know what to think about it all, and we must wait patiently to see how the new machinery works; but we may venture to express a hope that extreme measures will not be taken, but that the administrators of the new régime will rest content with promulgating their dignified manifesto against a practice which, to say the least of it, is anomalous and undesirable. There is a certain smack of enforcing virtue by Act of Parliament about the whole proceeding which we had rather not see clinging to it; but we must be satisfied that some steps have been to express the objection of the ruling powers to an undoubted evil, which has assumed somewhat formidable proportions of late years.

The sport shown at Newmarket on Thursday was an improvement on that of the preceding day, some really interesting features being scattered up and down through the programme of the afternoon. Lord Clive could hardly help winning the Coffee Room Handicap from such wretches as Cri de Guerre, Glencairn, and Cerberus; and most of the money won over Sir G. Chetwynd's horse went on Zealot for the Bretby Nursery, Regnard, Castillon, and Prevention coming in for very lukewarm support. At the finish Belfrey gave most trouble to the Stanton colt; and Lord Bradford's jacket was conspicuous again in the Third Welter Handicap, Hellespont splitting Ellangowan and Red Hazard, of which the former won cleverly by a couple of lengths. Appropriately enough, the Beaufort hoops were in front for the Troy Stakes, and Petronel must be a useful member, looking at the fashion in which he polished off Strathardle and Emmanuella, while Crytheia has proved a little gold mine for his Grace on the turf and at the stud. The rogueish Triermain got his head in front for a Selling Stakes, and was sold to Jousiffe for 400 guineas, after which the Free Handicap Sweepstakes came upon the carpet, and Rayon d'Or, though set to give everything weight, had the call of Out of Bounds and Chippendale, while Peace and Knight of Burghley also found backers. Few expected to see Mr. Naylor's gay deceiver a good second to Mr. Crawford's filly, and in front of the "giraffe," who once more evinced his dislike to the A.F. finish, and it is evident our three-year-olds are a terribly "mixed" lot. Three two-year-olds were in front for the Feather Plate, Cesarewitch course, but The Star failed to find a new owner; and Lollypop made mince-meat of Kaleidoscope for the Subscription Stakes. The Apprentices Plate fell to Alice Maud, beating Little Duck and Radiancy, but again the winner was "not sold;" and the Home Bred Sweepstakes was contested by three of the "great unnamed," of which Mr. T. E. Walker's Fair Rosamond filly proved the best, Lord Falmouth and Mr. Savile being very indifferently represented.

The last day of the season's sport on Newmarket's famous heath was witnessed by a sparse assemblage, but it was admitted on all hands to be a worthier method of winding up the Houghton Meeting than the old plan of protracting sport over Saturday. For a wonder, four out of five subscribers cried content in the Glasgow Stakes, wherein Mr. Bowes repeated his West Australian triumph of nearly thirty years ago, with the roaring Pride of the Highlands, beating Arctic, Devotion colt, and Fleuret. The way in which Mask settled Annie Chiel in the Home-bred Foal Stakes brings him up with Bend Or; and then the outsiders, Frivolity colt, Dorothy Vernon, and Ultimatum furnished the placed lot for a Selling Stakes, for which the disappointing Sir Reginald was again supported by the Russleyites, but he could only get fourth. The same berth was occupied in the Houghton Handicap by another favourite hailing from Robert Peck's stable, Cradle, Assegai, and Ismael all showing a clean pair of heels to La Merveille, but the winner was little fancied by the public after his many indifferent performances this year. It was a grand finale to Lollypop's racing career, and to that of Custance as a jockey, for old Lollypop to make mince-meat of Hackthorpe in the All-Aged Stakes; but it is not often we see a Two Thousand Guineas winner go a plating during his year of triumph, and yet here was Charibert bought in for 550 sovs, after scraping through in a selling race from Telescope, Van der Tann, and others of that kidney. In the Jockey Club Cup Jannette managed to stay better than Out of Bounds, whose best distance is probably a mile, and Lord Falmouth's St. Leger mare retires into stud life with a high-class performance to finish up with, for Thurio, Insulaire, and Touchet were all behind her. Home Rule, the winner of the Selling Nursery (after a dead-heat with Despotism) was bred at Shepherd's Bush; the high-priced Abbot took the Houghton Stakes from Serpolette II. and Field Glass; while Fashion beat Maraschino and Grey Hen for the Old Nursery. In Bounds wound up the meeting with a win for Mr. Crawford in the Post Sweepstakes, beating Fleecy Cloud and Perfect.

The withdrawal of Henry Custance from scenes in which for the last twenty years he has played a prominent part deserves more than a passing notice, for it is but a very small proportion of jockeys which works its way up to the top rung of the ladder, and continues to hold its own in the face of rising talent. We have only a very limited number of old hands among us, as anyone may discover who cares to turn back the pages of turf history up to 1860, in which year we find Thormanby, ridden by "our little lad," Custance, taking Derby honours, and winning for Mr. Merry the heaviest stake ever taken out of the ring on settling-day. It was no small compliment paid to Custance by Matt. Dawson when he entrusted him with the steerage of a horse which carried so much money; but how Custance came triumphantly through his first essay in a big race is a matter of history, and it is sufficient to add that the trainer's opinion of the jockey was most fully justified. Custance was only "done out of" another winning Derby mount in the following year, when Dundee broke down almost in the moment of victory; but Mr. Merry was not altogether the easiest of masters to serve, and before Buckstone was ripe for the starter in "Caractacus's year," another jockey was carrying the yellow jacket. Its former bearer, however, may be said never to have looked behind him, and in due time we find Custance lifting Lord Lyon in by a head in front of Savernake, and winning Mr. Sutton his first Derby. Again did he do the trick (for the third time) on George Frederick for Mr. Cartwright, while he may also be said, like another famous jockey, to have had his fair share of most of the "good things at Newmarket and other places." At one time it was the fashion to abuse Custance's riding, as partaking too much of the "butchering" character, but he "lived down" the reproach, and it was a treat to see him take in hand some awkward devil, and to send him along in that determined and resolute style which seems to impart courage and confidence to the most wayward of equine temperaments, and to subdue them to the will of the rider.

The three days' racing at Worcester was about up to the average of autumn meetings held on the Pitchcroft, and was fairly attended by those to whom a little bit of the jumping business does not come amiss in conjunction with the legitimate sport. There was no very striking feature presented by any of the contests, either across-country or on the flat, but still all

went pleasantly and, we hope, profitably to the inhabitants of and visitors to the "faithful city."

Heavier metal and more important issues attracted the metropolitan division to the South coast, and such places as Brighton and Lewes can very well afford the luxury of a couple of meetings during the year, looking at the large population for which *entrepreneurs* can reckon upon having to cater for. The weather is not usually propitious on the Sussex sea-board, but it was no worse than usual this week, and toilers of the steep ascent found their reward in witnessing some very fair-class sport on Tuesday. After Philomel had bowled over the more fancied Red Hazard and Plaisante in the First Selling Handicap, Glowworm took the Nursery from Clematis and Susquehana, and Ovingdean the plate of that name from Little Duck and Themistocles, though they made Forlorn favourite. The Dean landed the Autumn Handicap and a nice little stake for Bedford Lodge, Mr. Fitzwilliam's horse being twelve lengths in front of Kinton and Gondola colt; and Combat, The Owl, and Brillancy were winners of other races during the afternoon. On Wednesday Lipscombe secured the Corporation Plate for Mr. Savile, generally a winner at this meeting; Plaisante took the Mile Selling Plate, but failed to find a new owner; and Echo II. stalled off Monk and Star and Garter in the Sussex Welter Handicap. The rest may be described as "all leather and prunella," hurdle and welter races acting as stopgaps in the programme, but 'tis ever thus at race meetings where the plating element is conspicuous, and at seasons when the retirement of the Tritons into winter quarters permits the minnows to enjoy their annual benefit.

A good many of the original fancies for the Liverpool Cup seem to have "declined the honour" of giving reckless backers a run for their money next week; but still the latest public fancies have stood their ground, and quite a moiety of the acceptors should be found at the post. The handicap, as it now stands, is a clever one, and the apparently hopeless cases will take a deal of eliminating; though Harbinger, Blantyre, and Adamite are a trio we must decline to touch, owing to their rogueish propensities, while the hunters, Puck and Quits, may safely be shunted in favour of the better-class candidates. Master Kildare, with all his weight, cannot be considered out of the fray, and a good many reputed non-stayers have managed to negotiate the Liverpool "about a mile and a half" very comfortably, so that it will not do to leave Lord Hastings's colt quite out in the cold. Passing over Advance and Rylstone, we call a halt at the name of Peter, who is nicely handicapped, and will, we fancy, be able to render a good account of all his likely opponents down to Westbourne, who must be regarded as the pick of the basket on paper, and must surely hold safe all the three-year-olds handicapped at lighter weights—such as Sunburn, Massena, and Lartington, to say nothing of Barley Sugar, St. Augustine, and Simba. The latter has invariably performed after the most moderate fashion, and apparently lacks pace; besides which the Green Lodge stable is out of all form, and the Fates have declared against the green and gold jacket all the season through. Some unsavoury incidents usually crop up in connection with the Liverpool Cup, and between the time of inditing these remarks and the race we may as well be prepared for all sorts of eccentricities and contradictions in the daily betting returns. One of the Russley trio is certain to be served up hot in the interval, but we must take Westbourne for our sheet anchor, and Mr. Gretton's colt may have most danger to apprehend from Captain Machell's trusted representative.

October 30.

SKYLARK.

### BY-THE-BYE,

as candidates for seats on the School Board are actively canvassing for supporters, I thought it became me as a South Londoner of comparatively ancient standing to nail my colours to the mast. In my opinion a due proportion of the fair sex ought to be elected for the London School Board, if only because two-thirds of the school children are girls and infants, and more than half the teachers women—but I have other and, perhaps, stronger reasons. Therefore, on Saturday last—being invited—I determined to attend a meeting at "The Cedars," Old Town, Clapham, in favour of one of the lady candidates, Miss Henrietta Müller. But a little thing prevented me. I got to Clapham near the appointed time, but for the life of me I couldn't catch "The Cedars" and the Old Town together—where obstinate one was, there obstinate t'other would not be, also where the other was the one was not. It was most perplexing. Some sent me forward to the Old Town, others sent me backward to the Cedars, which, on my second visit I found to be a noun of multitude, signifying not trees but a terrace of tall houses overlooking the common of cricket and football renown, and therefore not, I presume, the Cedars of which I was in search. So I gave it up as a riddle past my guessing, and had a pleasant walk home.

"Talking of Clapham, by-the-bye, how is it that the Board of Works have allowed some of the footpaths over its charming park-like common to fall into such a state of neglect? Some of them were only to be passed over dry-shod by the aid of a series of jumps and hops, whereby one who is grave and more or less elderly loses dignity—I did. I was trying to imagine little Tom Babington Macaulay losing himself in the marshy labyrinth of gorse bushes, poplar trees, ponds, and watery gravel-pits—the home of his childhood, as you may remember faced this common—when dab, flop, splash, I went into a miniature pond in the middle of the ill-kept path, just as he did when the common had no Board of Works to look after it, but ran wild, and was half a morass. I met many people I knew on the common, which made it pleasant. They were all either frequent visitors to or old residents in Clapham—Wilberforce, Zachary, Thornton, Lord Teignmouth, and others; one being a jaunty gentleman in a gold laced velvet coat, the colour of peach-blossom, a violet camlet cloak with silver buttons, and a huge perwig, the redundant curls of which hung half-way down his back, easy, good-tempered, shrewd looking, far from handsome, with a peculiar habit of twitching his nose upward—Mr. Samuel Pepys, Clerk of the Acts of the Navy, he whose famous "Diary" you, of course, have read.

But above all I met—ah! how I chuckled at the remembrance of some young and fashionable members of a certain Goose and Gridiron Club, who, in my hearing, averred their entire ignorance of any place south of the Thames, and were evidently proud to do it—poor things. To resume, above all I met some of the most charming of pretty girls. Not in my fancy this time, but in the flesh, and such flesh! Roses with lilies and pearls—bah! there is something far beyond the unsympathetic pink of the one, the uniform transparency of the second, or the hard whiteness of the third in the complexion of a healthy, beautiful, bright-eyed English girl; such as you may meet in abundance, any fine afternoon, all the year round, on Clapham Common. "Ah!" said I confidently to myself, and with another chuckle, "if Fashion goes West, Beauty comes South." I venture to affirm that here by Clapham Common on a fine afternoon I will—metaphorically speaking—readily glean you a dozen or more sylph-like charmers, each surpassing in feature and form the loveliness of any one of the Professional Beauties, who air their vanity so publicly, where photographs are sold, in shop windows. And, often, such photographs! Things from inar-

tistically "stippled negatives," with faces as devoid of expression as of muscle, with "flesh" which, for opacity, hardness, smoothness, and immobility can only be equalled by the shell of a newly-laid egg.

Talking of Fashionable Beauties reminds me of a clever article upon them which appeared this week in the *Standard*. The writer—a frank, honest, out-speaking scribe—thinks "the mania for photographic notoriety is utterly discreditable to the women of rank and fashion who indulge in it," and I agree with him. But when he goes on to define in precise terms the class of people who have a rightful claim to this "photographic notoriety" we move a little apart. Royalty, statesmen, celebrities in art, literature, and science, talented actors and actresses, in his opinion, "may with propriety be photographed and allow their portraits to be publicly exhibited and sold," because "all these people are public characters; the interest in them is perfectly natural, and is gratified in a legitimate fashion." So says he, but permit me to ask, in all humility, if there is anything not perfectly natural in the interest everybody displays in the charms of a beautiful woman, fashionably professional or otherwise?

The writer of the leading article in question says:—"It seems incredible to me that a man with any sense of refinement should permit his wife or sister's photograph to be attainable by anybody who possesses the necessary shilling." Doubtless that SHILLING is dreadful. But some ladies have wills of their own, and ask neither husband's nor brother's permissions when they feed that vanity which some say (I do not agree with them) naturally belongs to the entire sex.

But, my dear sir, is it not shocking to reflect that for even less than that vulgar "necessary shilling" anybody may admiringly contemplate for hours—for hours, sir—oh! agony—not only your wife and sisters' photographs, but, horror!—the ladies themselves, actually their very persons, which is surely more dreadful, unless and, that's an excellent idea, unless you shut them in from the outer world, send them to park or shop or theatre, as sensuous, jealous, Eastern voluptuaries do, with nothing of them visible except their eyes. There's an idea for you! Ask the Professional Beauties and your wives and sisters generally what they think of it!

The real objection to these photographs of Beauties being publicly sold is not the shilling, nor a mere conventional prejudice which argues under the guise of intense respect for the sacredness of private and domestic rights ("the violation of the sanctity of home"), is not even the strange, incongruous discreditable company in which such portraits appear; for in that case why should the celebrities of royalty, art, science, literature, and politics not suffer contamination in the presence of their photographs? If such company is good enough for the portrait of our Queen (I don't say it is, mind) it is no worse for photographs "of rank and fashion." The real objection lies in the wretched taste; the bold-faced, paltry vanity; the absence of refined and delicate feeling; the unwomanly lack of modesty in the "Professional Beauty" who thrusts her portraits (from "stippled negatives") upon us at every turn, in every street, "photographed in outdoor, indoor, and theatrical costumes, in morning and evening dress, in summer and winter scenes, in gardens and conservatories, lolling on sofas or reclining like an Odalisque in swings, with fans, flowers, riding whips, Chinese umbrellas, and children, in a score of positions, with every variety of expression on her face (more commonly with all expression stippled out), and with all that the art of the milliner and dressmaker can do to enhance her attractions." It is always as well to put the saddle on the right horse.

And this reminds me of the Lord Mayor, whose sun of civic glory is now—happily?—so near its setting.

There are minds too "nice" which, like "the putrid spider, converts that to poison which the bee works to honey"—minds impure and nasty enough to discover immoral meanings in the most harmless words, indecent suggestions in the most innocent representations. They shrink in horror from exposing any portion of God's noblest work, and glorify chastity, virtue, and modesty in the work of the tailor and milliner. Custom blinds them to the voluptuous, impure, debasing thing which openly exists, and is nightly displayed in their midst; but their morbid, unhappy fancies have a thousand eyes to see that which, outside themselves, has no being. This has been this week demonstrated. How many illustrated volumes have we in our libraries, private and public, dealing with the natural history of mankind, and pictorially representing the natives of different countries in their costumes, or want of costumes, as they live! Our fathers looked studiously on these things, extracting intellectual honey, waxing wiser as they looked, and were not contaminated. Are we more unhealthily susceptible to moral disease than they were? Are our disordered thoughts and fancies so shockingly impure, so morbid, that the photograph of a Zulu will cruelly offend our modesty, or move us to lascivious imaginings, because, after the common fashion of his country, he wears little or no drapery? Bah!

I have nothing to say about the particular photographs which so strongly moved the imagination or indignation of our City's chief magistrate, because I have not seen them. But I have known the London Stereoscopic Company and their photographs so many years that I cannot believe Alderman Nottage would, or could, sanction the issuing of indecent pictures for public sale.

These excessively nice people, with nasty ideas, are to be found amongst all kinds and conditions of men and women, so that in connection with these prosecutions—remembering well enough, as I do, one unfortunate photographer who went to prison for selling nude artistic studies of the most inoffensive character—I fear now and then, at least, in our police courts—

The net's not laid for kites or birds of prey,  
But for the harmless still our gins we lay.

Just as I finish correcting a proof of the above I receive my morning's papers, and there I read with no little indignation of that disgraceful scene between the City magistrates; and I wonder if there is a man living in the City of London who remembers any civic event one-half so disgraceful.

And, talking of an old man's memories, reminds me of another little by-the-bye matter. Did any of those who witnessed Mr. Irving's Sir Edward Mortimer in *The Iron Chest* notice a white-haired old gentleman in a private box, who bent forward with an expression of the deepest interest, following every motion and speech of our most popular tragedian with more than ordinary interest? And if they did, I wonder how many of them knew that he was once Edmund Kean's secretary, and that Mr. Irving was playing one of Edmund Kean's most famous and powerful impersonations? I should like to ask the venerable old actor if the living actor's conception, points, and stage effects equalled, surpassed, or resembled those of his dead friend, Edmund Kean.

As I want to think about Kean and Irving's Sir Edward Mortimer, I shall abandon the desk for my quiet fireside, and consult—in print—the varied opinions of some eminent authorities on both sides of the question. So no more at present from, yours faithfully,

A. H. DOUBLEYEW.

NO GAS IN DAYTIME.—See Chappuis' Reflectors.—69, Fleet-street.—[ADVT.]



## THE FIRST OF THE SEASON.

Old friends are all meeting and gathered together  
In batches, discussing the crops and the weather;  
It has been a hard struggle for some with the rent,  
But their troubles grow light as the talk turns on scent.

The landlord and tenant, the farmer and squire,  
Have all had to suffer and pocket their ire,  
At the sun's fitful gleam and the rain's ceaseless pour;  
But they meet in good fellowship round the inn-door.

Their thoughts are all bent upon horses and hound,  
For shortly the covert will echo with sound,  
As the eager pack top the wood-fence with a crash,  
The young entry all bustle and brimful of dash.

Now see to your girths if you mean to be there.  
Old Tom looks like business; his hand's in the air.  
A whimper—a chorus—hark, holla! they've found,  
And his old mare pops over the rails with a bound.

Away fling that weed, catch your horse by the head,  
He's young, and he's hot, but he's clean thoroughbred,  
Don't rush at the timber or else you'll be down.  
Let him see what's before him—he'll jump o'er a town.

They are over the brook, which is bankful, I swear;  
See yonder they go with their sterns in the air.  
There's young Flyaway in, and, by Jove! what a cropper!  
Ah! the other won't have it—I thought 'twas a stopper.

Down the meadow—they view—see the hounds how they tear,  
They have him! Who hoop! And the field are all—where?  
Here we come. Scarce a coat but betokens a fall,  
But who hoop! what a cracker! to open the ball.

## MORAL.

Fox-hunting and fellowship go hand in hand—  
And a true sporting mind by a friend's sure to stand.  
So let each drink this toast as they pass round the wine,  
"Here's success to the season of seventy-nine."

The bond of good feeling is found in the field;  
As the Squire meets the Farmer the compact is sealed.  
And each vows, as the moments flit merrily by,  
The world has no music like hounds in full cry.

BAGATELLE.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## MISS FANNY LESLIE.

Our front page portrait is one of Miss Fanny Leslie as Phoebe Sage in *Drink*. This bright, talented young actress made her first appearance on the stage of life in 1856. Her first appearance on the histrionic stage was made in 1872, when Miss Lydia Thompson took her to America as a member of her company. She remained in that country during this and the following year, and in September, 1876, opened at the Princess's Theatre, under the management of Mr. F. B. Chatterton, playing Mrs. White in *Mr. and Mrs. White*. On this occasion she sang a song written expressly for her and called "White Blossoms," which attained great popularity. She afterwards appeared in *The Day after the Fair*, *Out to Nurse*, *After Dark*, &c. In 1877, as a member of Mr. Gooch's company she played the boy's part (Bob Lambie) in Mr. Byron's *Guinea Gold*, and at Easter, 1878, she was playing with Mr. J. L. Toole at the Globe Theatre as Harry Green in *Mind the Shop*. Under Mr. Righton's management at the same house she appeared as Edwards, in *The Two Clerks*. In the June following Miss Leslie returned to the Princess's Theatre to play Ada Sidney in *Queen's Evidence*, in which part another of her original songs, "The Broken Rose," attained its popularity. She played in the Covent Garden pantomimes of 1878 and 1879, and on the 3rd of June last she reappeared at the Princess's Theatre, playing Phoebe Sage in *Drink*, the drama now enjoying so successful a run. Messrs. A. and S. Gatti have engaged Miss Leslie for the next Covent Garden pantomime, in which she will appear as Sinbad. Miss Fanny Leslie is the wife of Mr. Walter Gooch, manager of the Princess's Theatre. Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

## MR. W. TERRISS.

The young actor whose portrait we give in the present issue is gradually making his way in his profession, a result for the accomplishment of which he is very happily placed at the theatre over which Messrs. Hare and Kendal preside with so much taste and ability. Mr. Terriss has worked hard and with good effect at different London houses, and has played parts of all kinds from "walking gentleman," to Charles Surface and Captain Absolute, to say nothing of several Shakespearean characters. He has in a great measure succeeded in subduing the self-consciousness which is the rock upon which the *jeune premier* so often splits, and acts in a manly and sympathetic style with considerable power, and at the same time an absence of perceptible effort. A few mannerisms of facial expression he has still to avoid, but an actor who has already learned so much is certain to learn more. The part Mr. Terriss is at present playing in *The Queen's Shilling* is not calculated to exhibit his powers to much advantage. It may be hoped that in the next production we may see and have the pleasure of commending him in a character more suitable to his undoubted ability.

## PLUMPTON COURSING MEETING.

Our artist's sketches from this famous meet embody sketches of some well-known sportsmen—Lord Woodhouse, Mr. Miller, with his dog Misterton, winner of the Waterloo Cup of 1879; Mr. Case, originator of the meeting, on whose ground it is held; Mr. Lester, Mr. Stocken, Mr. Wagstaff, Mr. Postle, and others whose portraits will be easily recognised by those who are acquainted with the originals.

## MESSRS. LAWSON AND LABOUCHERE AT THE GUILDHALL.

Mr. Labouchere humbly submits to so much in order to advertise his journal that it would be cruel to refuse him what he seeks, so here is the scene in which, on the whole, he figures as something rather less than a hero. The difficulties of sketching were, our artist reports, very considerable, for the court was crowded, he could only obtain occasional glimpses of the bench, and, when he attempted to note down what he had seen, several people violently joggling his arm at the same time rather interfered with the delicacies of the sketch. For most of the subjects represented, however, we think it will be considered that no apology is needed. Concerning the merits of the case—if there are any—nothing can yet be said. The evidence for the defence consists, of course, of files of the *Daily Telegraph*.

## HUMOURS OF THE MONTH.

The artist has put at the top of his "Humours" a number of Society editors engaged in the congenial occupation of throwing mud at each other and at decent passers-by, an allegorical representation which has only too much applicability. Beneath is Mr. Labouchere, editor of the paper which with a quiet humour that is all his own he calls *Truth*. The torch he holds in his hand, the rays of which are supposed to enlighten humanity, is a tallow candle of feeblest variety. It seems not improbable that the artist would have put another Society editor to balance the figure, but the one who has shared notoriety with Mr. Labouchere of late, and who would make a not altogether inappropriate companion picture, has retired for a season from the world he did not adorn, and thus circumscribed the field of choice. On the other side—in the absence of a Society editor—M. Rivière has been placed, gallantly waving his *bâton* at the Promenade Concerts. A more elaborate and energetic beat it would be difficult to find. As a spectacle it is very beautiful to look upon. The rest of the picture speaks for itself.

## THE START FOR THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Within four minutes of the moment represented in Mr. Sturges's drawing a good many people must have wished that they had been posted near the cunning limner, whose pencil was busily employed at the starting-post, instead of being in the ring taking hundreds to sevens and eights against horses that finished in the middle of the ruck. "Skylark" did not exactly repeat his Cesarewitch success, but he gave Out of Bounds for a place, and with such tremendously hot favourites in the market that was not bad tipping. To most people the race was—as Cambridgeshires usually are—a disappointment, and there is very little reason to suppose that the winner is worthy to follow in the footsteps of her predecessor, the grand Isonomy. We read in one paper that "the victory was immensely popular," but the popularity must have been evinced with considerable caution, for we did not catch a single cheer. However, the race is over, and the question is, "What will win the Liverpool Cup?"

## INCIDENTS OF SPORT IN INDIA.

Apart from the novelty of the incident which may be called "The Hog and his Rider," it has an interest attached to it on account of the native concerned in it having become the leader of the Rump Rebellion, on whose head a price of 1,000 rupees is set. In 1876 he was attached to a party of surveyors as guide, under Mr. Adams, and he was a fellow of rare pluck and daring. One day, when going along the spurs of hills near Rumpa, a lot of wild pigs, led by a large tusker, as could be judged by the loud, short grunts, were heard approaching on the other side from where they were working. "Sahib," said Chundriah, "follow me, and I will show you a place where we may intercept them." Accordingly, they proceeded up the hill by a cross path, and planted themselves behind a rock where the pigs must pass. And sure enough, at a rattling pace they came along; but before the tusker had well rounded the corner, and before Mr. Adams could level his gun or recover his surprise, an immense tiger bounded from above full on to the wild boar's back. Whether the impetus was so great, or the boar's strength was undiminished, he still continued his pace, and went sheer over a precipice into the valley below. Mr. Adams and Chundriah followed, and found the grass trampled down right and left, but no signs of a kill, although they proceeded until barred further progress by the denseness of the jungle. It is evident that the tiger must have been watching the pigs from within twelve yards of where they (Mr. Adams and Chundriah) were standing, concealed by the long grass, and must have preferred bacon to bee.

No. 2. "A Good Run" is more remarkable for the logic of the reply than the novelty of the situation. Several years ago an American missionary, having arrived in the Cuttack district, was desirous of indulging his national curiosity, and expressed a wish that he might see a bear shot. His host, willing to gratify him, said not only should he see one shot, but that he would give him the opportunity of shooting one himself. As it was the slack season, all the coolies belonging to the factory were assembled and sent out before daybreak to beat a neighbouring hill where two bears were known to be, one having been seen and hit, and the other seen, some short time previously. When they arrived at the ground the host told his friend that there were two roads on this hill, down one or both of which they must come, and pointing out the more likely one, desired the missionary to take it. He rather demurred to this, but the host insisted that as it was the place of honour, he could not think of taking it to himself. By and bye, when the beaters began to close in, the missionary saw both bears coming down on his track, one in full charge—but he never paused to fire. Throwing away his gun, he bolted clean into the jungle, tumbling over and over, down hill, until he reached a place of safety. Here he awaited the return of the party, and on being reproached for his want of pluck, exclaimed—"My dear fellow, don't mention it; I would rather be called a *keoward* all the days of my life than be a corpse for ten minutes."

No. 3. "Early Rising," is a scene in camp, where festivity was more the rule than sport.

No. 4 is the shikari or sportsman *à la mode*.

## OTTER HUNTING.

After being for many years almost entirely abandoned in consequence of the extreme scarcity of the quarry, otter hunting has of late years been partially restored to its ancient repute amongst our popular sports. In Pierce Egan's well known "Book of Sports" he says: "It is well known the otter has now become in Great Britain very scarce; so much so, indeed, that one is rarely met with, and scarcely any establishment for hunting him at present exists in England. The otter may be followed occasionally with harriers, but the otter hound, of which mention is made in several old publications on the subject of field sports, is nowhere to be met with. Yet though these antiquated tomes speak at some length on the subject of otter hunting, they are, nevertheless, silent as to the peculiar characteristics of the dogs in question. Hence, we might reasonably conclude that at a period not very remote these hounds were very well known, though the mode of producing them now appears to be wrapped in the scarf of oblivion."

## STROLLING PLAYERS.

The old strolling days are almost, if not quite, things of the past. As Mr. Dutton Cook says in his "Book of the Play," "it is rather the public than the player that strolls nowadays. The theatre is stationary—the audience peripatetic." The old race of strollers also is no more; actors who have endured all the hardships of genuine vagrancy, and won their way up from the lowest depths of poverty and degradation to the proudest heights of their profession, are no longer common. They were men who loved their miserable profession with a passionate intensity which one scarcely hopes to see again. They made light of their sordid lives and semi-starvation, the world's contempt,

the proud man's oppression, the coarse insults of the vulgar and unfeeling, shabby clothing, insulting accusations and suspicions, grim denunciations and persecutions thundered at them from the pulpit, all for the sake of a hard, cruel, merciless, but yet strangely fascinating mistress, who gave them little or nothing beyond the privilege of loving her. Long toilsome walks, travelling by all kinds of odd, rude, and inconvenient means of locomotion were, at all seasons, through summer heat and winter's cold, common with them, and it is hardly to be wondered at if the mean shifts and dodges, the desperate resources with which they were familiar, made them that reckless, careless, impudent, brazen-faced, gipsy-like race described by Churchill—

The strolling tribe, a despicable race,  
Like wandering Arabs shift from place to place.  
Vagrants by law, to justice open laid,  
They tremble, of the beadle's lash afraid;  
And, fawning, cringe for wretched means of life  
To Madame Mayoresse, or his worship's wife.

The only modern representatives of the old strollers still so well remembered by our oldest living actors are the itinerants who play in booths, a class altogether distinct from the players, as, indeed, they always have been. These still linger amongst us, entertaining two or three sets of auditors in the course of as many half-hours, doing their curious version of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, *Richard III.*, *Macbeth*, or any other popular acting play within the time allotted to each performance, with a comic song and a dance or two thrown in by way of make-weight. These are the "Boothers" of the strolling fraternity, and from such as these are our artist's sketches have been made.

## THE OLD STORY RE-TOLD.

In whatever way or place it may be told, how sweet that old, old story is in its endless re-telling. The eyes which glance askance and downward, the tremulous white hand that feigns to be so busy with the wild path-side flowers, the graceful turn of the inclining head, the half serious, entirely happy expression, and the thirstily listening ear, through which each earnest word he speaks thrills to her glowing heart; all these are so eloquent in their silence of that old, old tale that we can almost hear the glowing words in which her wooer tells it. The two profile figures moving mechanically side by side in the distance (her parents perhaps), seeing but hearing not, once told the same old story, each to each, and in their hearts treasure up yet, as the sweet forerunner of dear domestic joys, its unforgotten accents. As others had been they were, as they were these are, as these are others will be, and so onward through the ages, handing down from fathers and mothers to daughters and sons the same old, old story of the loved and loving. And here in fancy we hear a disdainful young lady of the modern time exclaiming, "Whatever are you talking all that nonsense about?" and to her we reply in language derived from her own vocabulary, "Spooning."

## MISS ANNIE POOLE.

Miss ANNIE POOLE (whose portrait we had the pleasure of giving last week) made her first appearance on the stage at the old Theatre Royal, Bristol, in September, 1876, as Tessy in the operetta of *The Crimson Scarf*. She had been previously well-known in Bristol and its environs as a vocalist, and had sung at various concerts. She exhibited so much talent that she was immediately engaged by the late Mr. J. H. Chute for the season, at the New Theatre Royal, Bristol, where she played various singing parts. At the termination of the season, she fulfilled engagements for several months with travelling companies, meeting with some of the vicissitudes of provincial theatrical life; however, she succeeded in gaining experience and practice. In September, 1877, she was selected by Mr. Arthur Sullivan for the part of Patience, in Mr. Calvert's grand revival of *Henry VIII.*, and played the character, singing Mr. Sullivan's song "Orpheus with his lute" with great success in Manchester, Liverpool, and the principal large towns. Upon coming to London in the autumn of last year she was engaged by Mr. Henderson for the Folly Theatre, where she obtained very favourable notices as an actress and vocalist. Next she charmed the hearts of the Glasgow public as *Cinderella*. She was again secured by Mr. Henderson for the part of Germaine, in *Les Cloches de Corneville* at the Globe Theatre, a rôle which she has performed with universal success, both in London and on tour with Mr. Scanlan's company in the provinces. Mrs. Chart has secured her services as principal vocalist in her next pantomime at Brighton. Miss Poole is the wife of Mr. Russell Crauford, an actor of some provincial repute.

MR. E. SMITH, in regard to an article upon the late action of the Jockey Club, having reference in particular to jockeys owning horses, writes that the following statement, in his opinion, reflects upon his veracity as a sportsman:—"It is indisputable that when Tiny Wells was in high favour with Sir Joseph Hawley, and was steering many berrers of the cherry jacket to victory, he was himself the acknowledged owner of a stud, in which Adamas was, perhaps, the best animal, and which ran in the colours and was entered in the assumed name of Mr. Mellish." Mr. Smith says: "The facts are, that in the course of a long connection with *Bell's Life*, business has called me to the principal race meetings, and in years past I habitually purchased horses (out of selling races) which took my fancy, and I thought might prove profitable investments. In like manner I bought Adamas—then a two-year-old—at the Doncaster Spring Meeting of 1866, and he subsequently joined a stud of horses I then owned, notably Huntingdon, Tame Deer, Harry, Squire Watt, Weathercock, Jeu d'Esprit, &c. Mr. Wyndham Smith (Mr. Montague) had nominated Adamas for the Derby, and, on my agreeing with him to take the horse's engagements, I afterwards paid all forfeits, &c. Messrs. Weatherby are cognisant of my identity with the assumed name of 'Mellish,' and I can further add that Adamas was absolutely and solely my property when he ran in the Derby, and that Wells never owned even a hair of the horse's tail, nor at any time was he possessed of a racehorse. My name having been identified with the ownership of Adamas amongst racing men, I must, in justice to myself, beg space for this letter in refutation of the statement above referred to."

THE pensions of the Paris Opera are re-established from the 1st November next, when they will be applicable to all artists, employés, and agents of the Administration whose salaries do not exceed 12,000fr. per annum. By a special permission of the Minister of Fine Arts those who are paid at a higher rate can be also admitted to the same category, upon their own request, which must be made within four months from the 1st November, 1879. In the case of future engagements, the delay of this option is limited to two months. Ten years of active service is the minimum allowed to those who ask to be put on the retired list. These, should their pensions not exceed 3,000fr., will be permitted to sing at other theatres except when they resume their positions at the Opera.

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—From Mr. Thresh, Chemist, High-street, Buxton: "Many cures of Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, and Colds have come under my notice. No other medicine cures so quickly, safely or pleasantly." Sold by all Druggists at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per box.—[ADVT.]





THE OLD STORY RE-TOLD.



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## LAZY MOMENTS.

WE have received from Mr. Dunthorne of Vigo-street West, a copy of his just published and very beautiful etching from Mr. J. S. Noble's fine dog-picture, "Lazy Moments." Those who visited last year's Academy Exhibition cannot fail to have noticed and been pleased by this admirable painting, which received the highest praise the critics could award. The etching before us, if colour be excepted—and even that is suggested with curious force—does not appear to lack a single artistic quality which is to be found in the original. The dogs are as perfect in texture, detail, anatomy, and drawing; their relative expressions—wonderfully true to nature and without a touch of caricature—are caught with the utmost exactitude. There is an amount of delicacy in the shades not common in even choice etchings of the highest stamp, and a variety of touch and texture which suggests rather the subtle brush of the painter than the unyielding tool of the etcher. Every line is precisely what it should be, displaying a mastery over the process which raises it high above the hardness, polish, and artificial finish of steel engraving, which has of late lost so much of its popularity—a result, by-the-by, which is highly complimentary to the taste and observation of the art-loving public. Although the original has not been deviated from to the breadth of a single hair, so far as our recollection goes, the etching has all the freedom and spirit of an original work. Etchings are now in fashion, and if such examples as this presents continue to be published, it is likely that they will long remain so.

The publishers have deviated from the usual course of issuing thousands of (so-called) proof impressions, and printed in all cases a very small number indeed before lettering the plates, an innovation which the public cannot fail to applaud.

The etching is an unusually large one, it measures 18½ by 13 (exclusive of margin), and is, judged by the highest standard of excellence in the art, remarkably successful. The issue will consist of 15 impressions, with remarks, printed on Japanese paper, numbered consecutively as printed, signed by artist and etcher, at 8 guineas. In addition to which one hundred impressions, printed on Japanese paper, numbered consecutively as printed, signed by artist and etcher, are published at 5 guineas each; with lettered prints on Whatman's paper at one guinea. The picture has been etched by M. Victor Lhuillier.

## OLD AND MODERN COACHING.

THE following letter on the above subject appears in our ably edited contemporary *Land and Water*:—Though Nimrod, in his book on "The Road," says that "it is pretty well ascertained that in 1662 there were but six stage coaches," I fancy there is no earlier printed notice of any except the "York four days' stage coach," a copy of which hangs in my "den" under one of Sturges's admirable coaching prints (would that a series of such pictures could appear in *Land and Water*), and was printed as a curiosity in 1837, coaching being at that time at its zenith.

I read with interest the various letters on coaching matters in your columns, and particularly such as relate to the use of the bearing rein. It is impossible, I think, to lay down a hard and fast line as to its use. As to its abuse, there can hardly be two opinions amongst those who know what a horse is and what the work is which he has to perform; and it strikes me that where a horse is seen with his head in the air, his face almost horizontal, and his mouth foaming from the torture of the bits, the right person to interfere would be one of the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and both owner and coachman (or driver as he should be called) summoned for the barbarity. Properly put on, no doubt the even look given to a gentleman's team by the use of bearing-reins is an improvement, and it is equally certain that the horses are much more easily handled; indeed, I often think that without them many of the "artists" would find that they had at least two "strings" too many in their hands. On the fast coaches in old times we should have kept no time had bearing-reins been universal; there would have been no such sights as then were common, viz., mile after mile being done at a good, slinging, but safe gallop, every horse well stretched out, and with full play for his head. Such miles stood for four minutes and a half, often less, though beyond that pace it was not conducive to the evenness of one's temper, if the "box passenger" would persist in asking, "Whose house is that?" "Are there any fish in that stream?" etc. etc. I've often nearly "crashed out," but then, you know, it wouldn't do, and it might have turned half-a-crown into a shilling!—twiggez vous? Then in frost—who that has driven does not know what it is to scramble over a piece of slippery road, at a walk, perhaps, with first one horse down and then another, but taking no harm, as all the "strings" were slack, and the poor animals were able, by having the free use of their heads, to partly save themselves, and to jump up again none the worse. I know I have had three, and I'm not sure about all four, on the ground at one time, and not a horse hurt or a strap broken. The occasion I recall was with the Uxbridge coach, and very near where the Marble Arch now stands—there had been a fire at a house close by, and a severe frost had made the street for forty or fifty yards a sheet of ice, where the hydrants had been opened for the fire-engines. Still there are cases where the use of the bearing-rein may make the difference of comfort or the reverse in a team. The cases to which I allude are those of determined "pullers." In those cases I should never hesitate to use it, and let the horse pull, if he will pull, at his own pad. It is better, I think, than the "check," or "side rein," buckled to the "wing" of the other horse's pad. You'd find he'd be all right down-hill, where even the worst "puller" is content to go with his traces slack. The most inveterate "puller" I ever met with—and I often drove him—was on the Edinburgh end or the old Defiance, and he ran over the short galloping stage by the Bridge of Allan. Old Jemmy Lambert had a strong rein made for him (he ran off-side leader), which was slipped over the polehook with a ring, the other end being buckled to the "check" of his bit, and of the right length to let him get into his collar. Even he did not pull down hill, though I really believe on level ground he drew almost as much with his head as from his shoulder. I've allowed my letter to get to an unconscionable length, but, like an old horse with a spavin, I've got warmed to my work, and finish the stage with "both ends up."

ROGER DOUBLETONG.

The opening meet of the Royal Buckhounds will, it is understood, take place on Tuesday next, at Salt-hill, near Slough. Although the harvest has been somewhat late, the country in the Windsor district is in excellent condition for hunting, and should the weather prove favourable a successful season may be anticipated.

The dramatic critic of an American contemporary writes:—"I may have seen worse acting than Bandmann's *Hamlet*, but at this moment I'm utterly unable to recall when or where. Get thee to a provincial town, Bandmann, and there you may rant, rave, riot, roar, bellow, and otherwise disport yourself in *Hamlet*. Go to Oshkosh for instance, I always had a spite against that town."

## ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &amp;c.

LITTLE as I had to work upon last week I have still less this; but such an excuse will not fall to my lot again for some weeks, as on Saturday next the athletic season commences at Oxford and Cambridge, a monster list of coming events having already been issued from the head of either society.

W. W. Bolton, of Caius, president of the C.U.A.C., I regret to state, has met with a very serious accident indeed, as whilst playing football on Parker's Piece last Friday he put his foot in a hole, and coming down heavily, fractured his knee.

One solitary athletic competition was held last Saturday, that being the half-yearly race for the short distance challenge cup of the Thames Hare and Hounds Club. Only a brace came to the post, C. H. Mason and P. H. Stenning, the former of the pair making a waiting race of it until close home, when he came away and won easily by six yards in 29min 51sec.

Ordinary runs there were plenty of, the Ibis holding their second meet at Wood Green, the Clapton Beagles journeying to Blackheath opposed that powerful pack of harriers in a friendly run, whilst the Isledon Harriers, Highgate Harriers, and Westbourne A.C. were all out.

Next Saturday the metropolitan season will be concluded by the winter meeting of the London A.C. Some first-class entries have been obtained. The annual assault-of-arms of this club will take place on November 7 at St. James's Hall.

Bicycling this week is limited, the only affairs worthy of notice being the Cambridge University Races and the Amateur Championship of Wales. For the latter event thirteen entries had been obtained, and all but three came to the post, Burgess, of Swansea, winning easily, Ace, of the same place, second, and Gottwaltz, of Cardiff, third. The arrangements seem to have been bad; the race, which was fifty miles, took place at the Cardiff Grounds, rain fell heavily, and the time was 3 hours 8 min. 46½ sec.

Cambridge University Meeting occupied two afternoons, Saturday and Monday. In the Invitation Race W. T. Thorn, of the London B.C., won by a yard from A. P. Shaw, Civil Service, doing the distance (four miles) in 12min 45sec, C. A. E. Pollock, C.U.B.C., being third. Sharpe, the Croydon man, must have been a bit off, as he was last in his heat all the way. In the Slow Race J. F. Darrell, C.U.B.C., beat M. D. Rücker, L.B.C. G. D. Day, St. John's, won the Freshmen's Four Miles Race in 12min 56 1-5sec; J. W. Willink, Pembroke, the Five Miles Race for Roadsters in 16min 33 2-5sec; H. S. Clarke, Trinity, with 25 yards, landed the One Mile Handicap by ten yards in 3min 1 4-5sec; and C. A. E. Pollock, Trinity, had virtually a "walk over" in the Ten Miles Scratch Race, which he won with ridiculous ease in 33min 34 2-5sec. H. L. Cortis also rode a "show" mile, the following being his time: 440 yards, 42sec; half-mile, 1min 26sec; three-quarters of a mile, 2min 11sec; one mile, 2min 54 2-5sec.

Two well-known sprinters have joined the list of benedicts, these being G. P. Butcher, once a prominent London A.C. runner, and cotemporary with Astley, Chinnery, Colbeck, &c., who put his head in the noose this Wednesday morning; and "Harry" Lucas, of the Reading A.C., the previous day.

A sculling match for the championship of the Ian Rowing Club took place from the Limes, Barnes, to Hammersmith Bridge last Saturday, between W. E. Green and Thos. Ball, and the former won, after a terrific struggle, by two feet.

Elliott and Boyd are at length matched, and they are to scull for the English Champion Cup, subject to the permission of the trustees, and £200 aside, on the Tyne, on the ninth of next February.

Kempster and Boyd continue to post their money for their match next January, the second deposit being already down, and the same remark applies to J. Hawdon and W. Forster, who planked their third instalment on Monday night.

Practice for the usual fours is going on briskly at both Oxford and Cambridge, there being no fewer than nine crews on the Isis and seven on the Cam in hard training.

Daff's Eleven are on their way home, and I shall soon be enabled to give my promised *résumé* of their doings. They gave a fifteen of Philadelphia a rare beating on the 10th, 11th, and 13th of this month, but the match *versus* the Gentlemen of Ireland was, according to latest advices, to be abandoned.

The first Association Football Club Challenge Cup match was played on Saturday last between Maidenhead and Birmingham Calthorpe, on the ground of the former, who won by three goals to one. On the same day Manchester and Huddersfield contended under the Rugby Union rules, the Manchester boys winning by two tries to nil.

Mr. Henry F. Rogers, the popular captain of the Reading Football Club, whilst leading his team against the Pilgrims on Saturday last, was suddenly seen to falter, and falling down, it was found that he had expired. No one was near him at the time, and heart disease is supposed to have been the cause of his death.

Last Monday I journeyed to the City of London Baths, Golden Lane—not a very salubrious neighbourhood—to witness the racing in a Four Lengths or 108 Yards Sweepstakes Handicap, the limit for which was 10sec; and a finer race I never yet had the pleasure of being a spectator of. The promoter of the affair was Mr. H. J. Hackett, who has long been connected with swimming, and I cannot refrain from calling attention to his remark when thanking the company for the patronage: "I am not a philanthropist, but I like to do all I can for swimming; yet for all this I like to do something pecuniarily advantageous for myself." That is what I consider is calling "a spade a spade." There were four competitors in the final heat—D. Ainsworth, Serpentine S.C., 7sec; G. Dunmore, Alliance S.C., 7sec; C. W. Young, 6sec; and G. Webster, 5sec—and so grandly had the promoter handicapped them that Ainsworth only beat Dunmore by six inches; Webster, a foot further off, third; with Young half a yard behind him.

Last Friday evening, at the Holborn Restaurant, the "Otters" were fed, and thus they wound up a most successful season, as may have been gleaned by the notices appearing from time to time in this column. Dr. Staples, president of the club, was in the chair, faced by Mr. H. Barron, captain, and some thirty-five members and friends sat down, amongst whom may be noticed C. L. O'Malley (captain for 1879), H. J. Green (the careful handicapper), G. H. Rope, C. Hammond, Percy Moore, genial J. J. Rope, W. J. Don Bayard, Robert Newman, H. Willis (hon. sec.), W. Holland, H. P. Gardner, C. Newman, R. Shanks, and last, but far from least, F. Sachs, the popular aid to all and the hon. sec.'s right-hand man.

Joseph Bennett (ex-champion) and Tom Taylor opened the billiard season on Wednesday night with a match of 1,000 up, at the Prince Albert, Notting Hill Gate, the former winning by 249 points.

EXON.

POMADE TRICHOPHILE.—This pomade, the result of much patient research, is an infallible remedy for diseases of the scalp, such as dandruff, redness, pimples, falling off of the hair, premature baldness, &c. Under its influence local circulation is accelerated and all morbid secretions expelled (not driven into the system, as is the case with most of the nostrums sold). Every trace of dandruff disappears and a brilliant and flexible appearance is given to the hair. Price No. 1, 6s; No. 2, 6s, to be obtained through all Chemists, Perfumers and Hairdressers, or direct from the French Hygienic Society, 56, Conduit-street, London, W.—[ADVT.]

## PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

## NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24.

RENEWAL OF THE GLASGOW STAKES.—Mr. Bowes's Pride of the Highlands (Bruckshaw), 1; Arctic, 2; Devotion colt, 3. 4 ran.  
The HOME-BRED FOAL POST STAKES.—Prince Soltykoff's Mask (Cannon), 1; Cannie Chiel, 2; Muriel, 3. 4 ran.  
SELLING STAKES.—Captain Macell's Frivolity filly (Brown), 1; Dorothy Vernon, 2; Ultimatum, 3. 11 ran.  
The HOUGHTON HANDICAP.—Lord Wilton's Cradle (W. Macdonald), 1; Assegai, 2; Ismael, 3. 10 ran.  
The ALL-AGED STAKES.—Duke of Hamilton's Lollypop (Custance), 1; Hackthorpe, 2. 2 ran.  
A SWEEPSTAKES.—Mr. Vyner's Charibert (F. Archer), 1; Telescope, 2; Von der Tann, 3. 7 ran.  
The JOCKEY CLUB CUP.—Lord Falmouth's Jannette (F. Archer), 1; Out of Bounds, 2; Thurio, 3. 6 ran.  
SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. P. Price's Home Rule (Barker), 1; Despotism, 2; Susquehanna, 3. 6 ran.  
The HOUGHTON STAKES.—Mr. R. C. Naylor's Abbot (T. Chaloner), 1; Serpolette II., 2; Field Glass, 3. 5 ran.  
The OLD NURSERY STAKES.—Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Fashion (Fletcher), 1; Maraschino, 2; Grey Hen, 3. 7 ran.  
A POST SWEEPSTAKES.—Mr. W. S. Crawford's In Bounds (Fordham), 1; Fleecy Cloud, 2; Prefect, 3. 3 ran.

## WORCESTER MEETING.

MONDAY.

The GRAND STAND WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. C. Maurice's Jollification (Bruckshaw), 1; Bobbin Around colt, 2; Zuechero, 3. 9 ran.  
The HURDLE RACE PLATE HANDICAP.—Mr. P. Aaron's Gunlock (H. Davis), 1; Ascanius, 2; Dainty, 3. 7 ran.  
The ALL-AGED SELLING PLATE.—Mr. Trimmer's Bo-Peep (Mordan), 1; Bumpkin, 2; Catherine Beth, 3. 8 ran.  
The NURSERY PLATE HANDICAP.—Lord Wilton's Cutty Sark filly (W. Macdonald), 1; Olio, 2; Prince Bladud, 3. 10 ran.  
The UNITED HUNT FLAT RACE PLATE.—Mr. E. Bamber's Miss Costa (Mr. W. P. Anson), 1; Finis, 2; Stitch of Canvas, 3. 12 ran.  
The ROUS SELLING PLATE.—Mr. Weaver's Maud (W. Macdonald), 1; Nicotia, 2; School Girl, 3. 5 ran.

TUESDAY.

The AUTUMN FLYING STAKES.—Mr. W. Smith's Red Cross Knight (Morgan), 1; King Clovis, 2; Lady Fanciful, 3. 7 ran.  
The SHORTS SELLING WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. C. W. Jousiffe's Tares (Morgan), 1; Venice colt, 2; Farnese, 3. 10 ran.  
The DEKHURST SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Colonel P. Bagot's Olio (Lemaire), 1; Nicotia, 2; Request, 3. 6 ran.  
A HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. G. Clement's Bristol (Mr. H. M. Rudd), 1; Redskin, 2; La Duquesa, 3. 8 ran.  
The VISITORS' SELLING STAKES.—Mr. Trimmer's Bo-Peep (Booty), 1; Maud, 2; Vedice colt, 3. 13 ran.  
The WORCESTER AUTUMN HANDICAP.—Mr. E. Brayley's Sea Lawyer (Mallows), 1; Oxford Beau, 2; Sandal filly, 3. 7 ran.  
The FARMERS' PLATE.—Mr. E. Farmer's New Oswestry horse (Mr. Giles), 1; Deeside, 2; Gift, 3. 10 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

A MAIDEN HURDLE PLATE.—Mr. W. Saunders's Bracelet filly (J. Deakin), 1; The Nun, 2; Vindicative, 3. 6 ran.  
THE HUNTERS' SELLING RACE.—Mr. G. E. Paget's Rocket (Mr. H. Owen), 1; Cicero, 2; Cricketer, 3. 11 ran.  
THE SEVERN BANK STAKES.—Mr. W. Wilson's Goldfinder, (Mr. A. Coventry), 1; New Oswestry horse, 2; George, 3. 6 ran.  
THE GRAND ANNUAL STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. J. Brodie's Militant (W. Reeves), 1; Cartel, 2; Gunlock, 3. 7 ran.  
A SELLING HURDLE RACE HANDICAP.—Mr. J. Holman's Lantern Fly (Owner), 1; Vindicative, 2; Gingerbread, 3. 5 ran.  
THE CITY HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. W. Reeve's Ascanius (H. Davis), 1; Earl Marshal, 2; Sea Lawyer, 3. 5 ran.

## BRIGHTON MEETING.

TUESDAY.

The FIRST SELLING HANDICAP.—Mr. E. Baxter's Phlomis (Barker), 1; Red Hazard, 2; Plaisante, 3. 3 ran.  
The BEVENDON SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. W. Squire's Glowworm (Greaves), 1; Clematis, 2; Susquehanna, 3. 4 ran.  
The Ovingdean PLATE.—Captain Macell's Ovingdean (Barker), 1; Little Duck, 2; Themistocles, 3. 10 ran.  
BRIGHTON AUTUMN HANDICAP.—Mr. H. W. Fitzwilliam's The Dean (Bendon), 1; Kineton, 2; Gondola colt, 3. 10 ran.  
A PLATE OF 100 GUINEAS.—Mr. Cambridge's Combat (C. Wood), 1; Anonyma, 2; Pacification, 3. 5 ran.  
A HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Captain Pigott's The Owl (Lord M. Beresford), 1; Silas Wegg, 2; Hazeley Lea, 3. 4 ran.  
BRIGHTON NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. T. Brown's Brilliancy (Morbey), 1; Friar Tuck, 2; Bonne Bell, 3. 7 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

The CORPORATION PLATE.—Mr. H. Saville's Lipscombe (H. Covey), 1; Coralie, 2; Favo, 3. 6 ran.  
The MILE SELLING PLATE.—Mr. C. Archer's Plaisante (F. Archer), 1; Ovingdean, 2; First Choice, 3. 11 ran.  
The SUSSEX WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. W. Burton's Echo II. (F. Archer), 1; Monk, 2; Star and Garter, 3. 10 ran.  
The SOUTHDOWN HURDLE RACE HANDICAP.—Mr. Clifford's Northfleet (Lawrence), 1; Edith Plantagenet, 2; Maid of Wye, 3. 6 ran.  
A SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. A. Yates's Peroration (Childs), 1; Sister of Mercy, 2; The Manse, 3. 8 ran.  
A SELLING WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Lord Rosebery's Goshawk, (Constable), 1; Yule Star, 2; Little Duck, 3. 7 ran.  
A JUVENILE HANDICAP PLATE.—Lord Fermoy's Pintail colt (Luke), 1; Nightcap, 2; Anonyma, 3. 3 ran.

THURSDAY.

A SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Potter's Prodigal (Owner), 1; Salvage filly, 2; Miss Jeffrey, 3. 6 ran.  
A SELLING WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. S. Western's Saltier (Loates), 1; Eva, 2; Radiance, 3. 6 ran.  
The ROTTINGDEAN NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Themistocles (J. Watts), 1; Sagicite filly, 2; Susquehanna, 3. 7 ran.  
A CUP.—Mr. S. Frewen's Ringmaster (Owner), 1; Not Guilty, 2; Quin's Chathinch, 3. 7 ran.  
The BRISTOL MILE NURSERY HANDICAP.—Sir J. Sebright's Wild Olive (J. Macdonald), 1; Mantlet, 2; Carnifex, 3. 10 ran.  
A SELLING HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. T. E. Case-Walker's Maryland (Mr. Crawshaw), 1; The Ace, 2; Aberlard, 3. 9 ran.  
The BRIGHTON TOWN PLATE HANDICAP.—Mr. F. Grettton's Rosalind, 1; Lipscombe, 2; Preciosa, 3. 5 ran.

## LINCOLN RACES.

THURSDAY.

The BROWNLOW NURSERY PLATE.—Mr. T. E. Walker's Frivolous (C. Wood), 1; Allan Bane, +; Gravity, +. 12 ran.  
The JOHNSTONE PLATE.—Mr. C. Hibbert's Merry Heart (Mallows), 1; St. Hilda, 2; The Cellarer, 3. 7 ran.  
GREAT TOM STAKES.—Mr. Manser's Suffolk Lad (Barrett), 1; Flotsam, 2; Centenary, 3. 10 ran.  
A HUNTERS' HURDLE RACE PLATE.—Mr. J. C. Hill's Moorhen (Mr. Brockton), 1; Blacklock, 2; Countryman, 3. 6 ran.  
The WILHAM SELLING STAKES.—Mr. H. Bragg's Hazlenut (Osborne), 1; Too Late, 2; Peenago, 3. 9 ran.  
A HUNTERS' SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. T. Green's Ormelie (Mr. T. Spence), 1; Cock Robin, 2; Barton, 3. 8 ran.  
The CHAPLIN STAKES.—Mr. Osborne's Experiment (J. Osborne), 1; Palmetto, 2.

## FOREIGN RACING INTELLIGENCE.

## CHANTILLY AUTUMN MEETING.

SUNDAY.

Prix de Sylvar.—M. Ephrussi's Babna (Carlisle), 1; Michelelette, 2; Vaillance, 3. 10 ran.  
Prix de Bouze.—Count de Berteux's Loisir (Hudson), 1; Vétiver, 2; Boule de Neige II., 3. 8 ran.  
Prix de la Salamandre.—M. Fould's Le Flandrie (Hunter), 1; Michel, 2; Violette, 3. 13 ran.  
Prix d'Enghien.—Count de Juigné's Mantille (Carratt), 1; L'Etoile, 2; Fauvette, 3. 10 ran.  
Prix de la Fourrière.—Baron de Varenne's Salada (Flint), 1; Reserviste II., 2; Meaurio, 3. 6 ran.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—Cure Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis. Difficulty of Breathing (recognised and recommended by the Medical Faculty). No other remedy is half so effective. One Lozenge alone gives relief. Sold by all Chemists, in Tins, 1s. 1d.—[ADVT.]

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES.—LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism. Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVT.]







## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

MR. DION BOUCAULT may well lay claim to be the Shakespeare of Sensationalism in the modern drama—or the Vincent Crummies and Nicholas Nickleby rolled into one of it. He is the man who has most largely purchased the pump and the tub



Early Realism  
(after Hogarths)

round which plays were to be written. Mr. Hogarth in one of his diverting etchings has lampooned Colley Cibber for his realistic endeavours at the Drury Lane Theatre when that gentleman was manager there. The print is more forcible than



Rehearsing a Boucaultian  
Drama.

indulged in) is correcting Cibber in a most decisive manner for his innovations. To judge from some of the scenic constructions marked and explained on the print one would judge that Mr. Cibber attempted very much the same sort of thing in which Mr. Boucault has succeeded. He may not have been the first in the field with the pump and tub effects, but he certainly is the original author of the real horse and cab on the stage. In such works as *London Assurance*, *Louis XI.*, and *Night and Morning*, Mr. Boucault has shown that his powers of dramatic authorship are not always of necessity at the high pitch of fever heat which finds relief in a revolving tower, a sinking ivied castle, or a new patent impossible railway bridge. It is, however, your impossible railway bridge that a large portion of the British public desires; the more impossible the greater the relish. When Mr. Boucault discovered his aptitude for stage carpentry, and that his efforts were appreciated by the public, Ireland was the ground upon which he founded his sensations, until presently, when his drowning colleens, his sinking ivied castles, and his revolving towers were seen by the world, it became as much a matter of Irish history that such things as sensations of a startling character were as much part and parcel of Irish history as the conventional frieze coat, yellow knee-breeches, and scarlet waistcoat of Pat himself—objects which he rarely indulges in except upon the stage. The Boucaultian plan has been much and amusingly abused by imitators, for however wild and impossible the originator may be, he always



The Shakespeare of Sensation

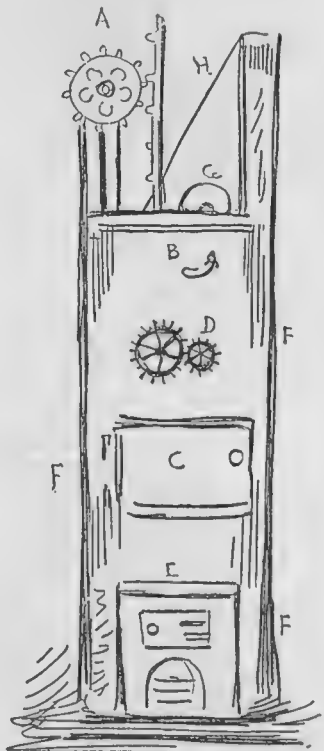
gives his sensation in such a manner that it thrills the spectator with the terrible, whereas the copyists generally provoke laughter at the outset. The good old "Jack Sheppard" sensation scenes have died out, giving way to the impossible bridge and the revolving tower; I refer to such scenes as a section of a house, all four rooms laid open to the gaze of the audience, a murder, robbery, or other diverting deed being busily carried on in each room at the same time. Those were the dramatic constructions to hold the attention of an audience, and to send the public home with a wholesome belief that they had had full value for their money. The realistic in the drama has become so absolutely necessary that in some fastidious establishments the manager will scarce let a player wear a paste brilliant in lieu of a genuine diamond, and would as soon shut the theatre as place a mockery of Dresden or blue china in his scenes. These theatres have little or nothing to do with the sensational scene business; their audiences do not seek them, and they would not suit their audiences. The people who thoroughly enjoy the Boucaultian drama are not those who are pleased with his soft Milesian love dialogue, or the witty brogue of his jolly never-may-care heroes, but those who want to be thrilled with the drowning of a colleen, the scaling of an ivied tower, or the shutting of a revolving railway-bridge. They can talk of it and enjoy it long after the lover's talk is forgotten, or even the sound of the witty brogue has left their ears. I remember being seated next a loving couple of Israelites in the stalls of the Standard Theatre—Mr. Irving was playing in *The Bells*, having made a tour to the East-end. The couple in question were talking love and eating a huge lobster, which the lady had dissected by smashing it on the sole of her boot (which article of apparel she had taken off and used lapstone fashion), with a ginger-beer bottle for a hammer. They took no notice of Mr. Irving or his powerful acting; what they had come to see was the sensation scene of the apparition of the Polish Jew to Mathias. When this "vision"—as the lady called it—made its appearance, away went boot, lobster, and love talk, and they were all attention. When it disappeared they resumed their own entertainment, and left Mr. Irving to his. There is a distinct public that will appreciate the carpenter's art in the drama, and be quite content, like Ducrow,

to "dash the dialogue." Mr. Boucault has brought the blessings of his carpentry and inventive power to bear for these good folk, and it was not surprising in a recent drama of his, which was produced at the Adelphi, to find that, although the



Constructing a Boucaultian  
Drama.

Press with one accord shouted out against the piece as an insult and an outrage to the public, a large contingent of the said public found their way to the theatre in order to witness the shutting of an impossible revolving railway bridge. Mr. Boucault is an able stage carpenter; he knows every twist and turn in the geography of his stage; and how to use it to the best advantage. His models for the startling effects which he produces are made by himself before the matter is suggested for construction on a large scale, and he will work



Working model of The  
Infernal regions for a  
Boucaultian drama  
entitled Dante.

out a thrilling incident much as a master carpenter will a clown's trick in a pantomime. It may be interesting to have a sketch of one of these stage models. It is for a drama founded upon Dante's "Inferno," and is for the working of the infernal regions. I will not give the key to it, as the matter is not yet copyright, and some unthinking manager might appropriate it. *The Colleen Bawn*, *The Shaughraun*, *Formosa*, *Flying Scud*, *The Rapparee*, *Arrah na Pogue*, and the rest of them, are as much matters of carpentry as of literature. Happy the man who can write a drama as well with a saw and hammer as he can with pen and ink: for him will the public pay, for him will managers pine, for him will Fortune wear her brightest smile!

delicate, and would be impossible of description; but it is in the collection at the British Museum. Suffice to say, Mr. Cibber is sitting at a table in the middle of the stage, faced by his stage manager, and is working a puppet. The shade of Ben Jonson (whose plays were about the only literature that Hogarth



## SPORTING SKETCHES.

## OUR GUN CLUB.

BACK again to India. Once more to the old spot where "our races" took place, and "our pig-sticking club" held their reunions, and yet again is there something left to describe, one more amusement still to be told. Before I commence I wish to state most emphatically that I am not an admirer of pigeon shooting. I consider it neither sportsmanlike nor conducive to good shooting. For to become a crack shot at what are known as "the doves," a man requires only to become a machine, and the more perfectly the said mechanical arrangements work, the greater the proficiency in the art of slaughter. Granted that a blue rock is a most "snaky" bird, and one that it takes all your powers to kill, also that there is a certain amount of satisfaction in flooring it, still I contend it is not sport, but a fictitious excitement, and in nine cases out of ten only a medium for gambling. No man is one whit the better game shot because he can make certain of a right and left at pigeons, and a snap shot two feet over the trap, however effectual, will not help him when it comes to killing a rocketing pheasant or a bird coming down on a wind. Doubtless there are many who will not agree with me, and if I told them it was cruel would laugh me to scorn. I can't help that; I have given my opinion and I stick to it—making only one exception, which is in favour of the *tir aux pigeons* in the Bois de Boulogne. There, judging from what I have seen, the sport resolves itself into making as much noise and smoke as possible, in order to frighten exceedingly tame white birds who have to be encouraged on their wild career by the aid of small pieces of turf, and who occasionally, very occasionally, are unfortunate enough to flap (I cannot call it fly) into the course of "M'sieu the Marquis' " charge.

However, when we formed our gun club we had no such scruples, and I was as keen a member as any one else. How it came about that the institution was founded was as follows. There had joined us from England one whose name at Hurlingham and elsewhere was well-known, and soon after his arrival he suggested that a club might easily be formed, and (with an eye to fresh laurels) handicaps might be shot off twice a week. He himself would undertake the post of secretary, and would arrange about traps, rules, birds, &c. The idea was eagerly seized, and a meeting at the usual rendezvous, the racquet court, convened, where the concern was floated in every sense, for we separated by drinking success to our new project in "pegs" round. The next few days, Johnson, the promoter, was extremely busy interviewing native workmen, and endeavouring to explain to them how to make traps, arranging with the local "Offer" for a supply of blue rocks, and last not least, receiving subscriptions, and drawing up a code of rules. Everybody else was occupied in laying in a store of ammunition and looking over their shooting irons, the general topic of conversation being of the pigeon and how to shoot him. Some one has published a work entitled "How to cook a potato in a hundred ways," but if any aspiring author had jotted down the various tips of how to slay the pigeon he might easily have eclipsed the number, and, moreover, have obtained a large sale for his book. The opening day was fixed in a fortnight's time, but a few of us were invited to a private rehearsal in Johnson's compound (the field surrounding his bungalow) beforehand, and accordingly, one afternoon, five or six of us turned up to witness the working of his new traps, and the general staff. Among the rest were two doctors, Fitzwilliam and O'Connell, the latter an Irishman, who was brimful of the quaintest sayings imaginable. To see him play whist was as amusing a sight as you could wish for. He had a habit, when sorting his hand, of putting all his trumps between his third and little fingers, so that everybody knew exactly how many he had, and as he also hated parting with them, calling them his "jewels," he was not in much request as a partner. I have often seen him bottle up a king or ace till the third round, and then triumphantly plunk it down, exclaiming when it was trumped, "Be the powers I do call that harrrd, I clane forget the blessed jewels," following up his oblivion, when he got the chance, by playing out every trump in his hand, utterly regardless of his unfortunate partner, merely saying, "Lie there, ye blackguards; ye won't trouble me again." Like all his countrymen he was a keen sportsman, and was the proud possessor of an old muzzle-loader, with which he used to wage a deadly war against snipe, duck, or paddy bird, whichever came in the road. Well, as I have said, we all arrived in the compound, where we found the traps all in readiness, a great basket of birds, and Johnson, full of importance, ready to show us all the latest from Hurlingham. He had instructed his bearer's son how to manipulate the strings and the art of saying, "Are you ready?" so that when he volunteered to lead off, just to show how it was done, he had no fear of any *contretemps*. O'Connell, as Johnson went up to shoot, posted himself away on the right, "just to knock him down, if so be you miss the baste." "Are you ready?" said the bearer boy in broken English. "Pull," shouted Johnson, and flop went the whole five traps, and five parti-coloured birds walked on to the grass, Johnson firing one barrel (according to custom) a foot over one of the traps, and of course doing no harm. The next instant O'Connell yelled, "Here's into you," and bang, bang, went both barrels of the old muzzle-loader, the five birds turning tees up spontaneously. "What the deuce are you thinking of, man?" said our discomforted secretary. "Be gad," replied the unabashed Medico, "I'm thinking that was a raker. Mother o' Moses! did ye mind how they all wint over at onct? But where's the bird you fired at?" How we did laugh, and how angry Johnson was, the poor boy catching it to rights for pulling the whole lot of strings together!

After a few more trials it was evident that the pigeons were of the tamest order, and very little use—charming targets for those who, like most of us, were novices in the art of "mechanics," and adopted the old-fashioned style of sighting

the object before pulling the trigger: but to the professor a snare and a delusion, for in nearly every case our instructor (Johnson) missed his first barrel through the very slowness of the bird in getting on the wing. As he came in for a good deal of friendly chaff, he thought it best to bring the performance to a close, and was soon engaged in a long altercation with the owner of the basket as to the possibility of a consignment of genuine wild blue rocks instead of the farm-yard produce he had ventured to bring. With a smile of cunning, the hoary old rascal said in Hindostanee, "Let me put the bird in the box. You will not complain of it being too slow." "Goon," said we; and he, wrapping up five chyras (birds) in a cloth, forthwith trapped them, the while carefully concealing the species from our inquisitive gaze. "The ould sinner has got the real article. A blue pigeon bedad," said O'Connell. "I do not think he has," replied Fitzwilliam, "he swore he had brought none; however, it's your turn to shoot first, so we shall see directly." O'Connell took his station with a wave of the hand, and holding the old muzzle-loader shoved well forward, awaited the pulling of the string. "Ready—pull!"—and away skimmed a green object with a long tail, uttering shrill screams as it twisted along about a foot from the ground. "Murthur, what the devil's that?" roared the discomforted Medico instead of shooting. "Be the powers it's a parrot!" and so it was. A small green parrot, combining the speed of "greased lightning" with the corkscrew movements of a snipe, and adding these to the invisibility of a spirit. The remaining four traps were inhabited with like material, and but one bird was brought to grass, that going to the credit of Fitzwilliam. Johnson was delighted, and as the Shikaree informed us that he could get as many as we wanted by netting some of the old temples after sundown, there was every prospect of some lively birds to inaugurate the opening day. I am aware that parrot shooting is by no means uncommon, and that it did not originate with us. But as we had never heard of or seen it at the time I am speaking of, it seemed an especially grand idea. We therefore all undertook to say nothing about it, and anticipated some fun from watching the looks of surprise the first time the little green object darted off.

The day on which the opening of the club was to take place duly arrived, and the morning was spent in getting things in order, marking out the ground, putting up a tent for the ladies and tea, generally arranging the programme, and making out the handicaps. However, by tiffin (lunch) time all was in readiness, and Johnson sent me a note asking for the loan of my trap to take himself, guns, and stuff up to the trying-place. Now, I had not long been the proud possessor of this trap, which I had purchased, together with its locomotive agent, from a friend without seeing. When it arrived the trap was A 1, but the locomotive agent I soon found out had a temper. In fact it was a horse, the driving of which, if one had regard for the contingencies of life, came far from being a pleasing operation. Once set going he was all right, that is to say, he would "go," where was a secondary consideration, and as he took a deal of starting, and was as likely as not to gallop into a ditch, I named him "The Shoot," for I considered that I had been somewhat "done." Nevertheless, if Johnson liked to risk his neck I was agreeable, and so I sent him an answer in the affirmative, and ordered my syce (groom) to be at his bungalow in an hour's time. As for myself, I preferred to ride one of my tats (ponies) up, and accordingly, having given my weapon to my faithful servant, I started for the spot on the maidan (common) selected for the sport.

About half way there I came upon signs of disaster in the shape of a bag of cartridges lying side by side in the road with a gun case. A little farther on I found more cartridges, three parts of a syce (he was going on one leg only), and half a whip. Round the corner was my cart on its side, "The Shoot" in the ditch, with Johnson sitting on his head; while Talbot of the Artillery, and Fitzwilliam, who had been seduced into accompanying him, were endeavouring to get the brute out of his harness, alternating the proceedings by rubbing their bruises. All around were strewn guns, traps, programmes, and bottles of brandy and tonic water, which the thoughtful secretary had taken with him to refresh the inner man. "What the dickens is up?" said I, as I came upon the scene. "Any-one damaged?" "No, thank goodness," replied Johnson, "that beastly animal jibbed at that sammy house," pointing to a roadside temple, "and when I hit him he went off like anything, kicking all the way, till he landed us into the ditch. I wish that syce would come up, he got knocked down about a quarter of a mile back." "He is en route," I said. "Meanwhile let us collect the chips." Upon which we set to work, and after some trouble everything that was not smashed was got together, and the cart sent home with a broken shaft. "The Shoot" having to be led ignominiously. The accident threw the arrangements a little out of order, for without the secretary the fun could not commence. So when we arrived on the ground, we found a large and somewhat impatient assembly, who were not complimentary to my stead. There was some little—well I will call it conversation over the distances for the first sweepstake, as the respective merits of everyone being unknown, of course we all had to commence on equal terms. At last matters were adjusted, and, with an entry of nineteen, I went up to the mark to lead off, grassing by a fluke my bird, amid a shout of laughter caused at the odd appearance of the parrot, whose tail, by the way, had been reduced to reasonable proportions. Fitzwilliam and O'Connell following, both scored, and then came the "boss of the show," to whom everybody looked as the delineator of the O. K. method. Much to his disgust both barrels were ineffectual, and with a derisive "cheep-weet" Polly was lost to sight, but to Johnson's memory far from dear. His temper was not improved by O'Connell remarking "Man alive, but that's the identical crayer I wanted for me sister's hat." Eventually there were four of us left to shoot off the ties, and strangely enough the first three, among them myself, all missed our birds, and with envy we watched the effect of the Irishman's muzzle-loader.

"Hould ye whist," said he to some of the impertinent bystanders who told him to "fancy the bird was an Irish landlord." "Hould ye whist till I pouch the baste." To the boy, "Pull, ye blackguard," and boom sounded both barrels fired at once, the bird falling with a broken wing just inside bounds. "Gather it," we all shouted; and away went O'Connell in hot pursuit, falling in his haste head over heels over the strings. Picking himself up, with a yell he bounded after the quarry, which was fast walking over the boundary. "Get round him," screamed one. "Throw your topee (hat) at him," hollered another; while a third advised the "triding on his tail." To all the excited and perspiring son of Erin turned a deaf ear, and as he neared the chase, he collected himself for a bound, and launching himself into the air, fell flat on the top of the bird, which he squashed, at the same time knocking all the wind out of himself. When he recovered his breath he danced back in triumph, bearing aloft the parrot, and, heedless of the roars of laughter, made his way into the tent, exclaiming, "Holy Frost! it nearly bothered me; but it's a foine divarshun entirely. Mr. Secretary, I'll jist trouble you for a taste of that mug, and the shstakes, if ye please." "Here you are," replied Johnson; "but it will cost you some of them to get that old blunderbuss mended. You broke one of the hammers in your acrobatic feats." A fresh burst of laughter was caused by the pathetic way in which O'Connell surveyed his damaged gun, taking it up in his arms as if it was a baby. He was heard to say as he left the tent, "Bad scan to it, I've kilt me gun just as the ould divil gained me the dibs, too." As he himself could shoot no more that day, the fun became less boisterous, though his unsparing criticisms on the shooters caused much merriment. I won one sweep, Fitzwilliam another, and Johnson saved his bacon—reputation, I mean—by carrying off the third. After which event tea arrived, and small talk took the place of shooting. Everybody agreed, ladies included, that we had had great fun, and as we continued to meet twice a week "Our Gun Club" became quite a popular institution. Strange to say, Johnson, good shot though he was, never got into form, generally being beaten on the post by the old Irish muzzle-loader; as we called it, a triumph of brute force over science. O'Connell made quite a small income out of his gun, and, much to everybody's delight, gave up playing whist and bothering his head about the "jewels."

BAGATELLE.

THE International Exhibition at Sydney opened on the 17th of September.

Mlle. DARAM's re-engagement at the Paris Opéra has been signed.

It is understood in America that the Marquis of Lorne will visit England about Christmas, and will return with Princess Louise.

JOHN CADMAN, a man well known in connection with the Atherstone Hunt as "Huntsman Jack," died at Bulkington, near Coventry, on Sunday under shocking circumstances. Prior to his death he stated that, while passing through a lonely lane, three men shockingly maltreated him, breaking three of his ribs and robbing him of 15s. 6d.

THE BALACLAVA FETE.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Charge of the Six Hundred was duly celebrated in the Alexandra Palace, on Saturday, by a dinner of such survivors under officers' rank of the famous death-ride as live in London and its vicinity, and by an addition to the ordinary programme of a series of appropriate attractions—athletic, musical, and pyrotechnic. The lessees of the palace on Muswell Hill did their best to make the veterans and the public at large happy and comfortable, and their efforts were rewarded by an immense attendance, and by weather unusually fine for the season. Fifty-nine of the troopers who participated in the battle of 1854 sat down to the feast, which had more of the character of a family gathering than a formal commemorative meeting. Each man was dressed in his best, in honour of the occasion, and wore his medals proudly displayed for this one day over his civilian clothes. It would be hard to find anywhere a halter, more erect, and handsomer set of men of their age. Amongst them were representatives of the five regiments engaged in the charge, namely, the 4th and 13th Light Dragoons, the 8th and 11th Hussars, and the 17th Lancers, together with a few of Maude's battery of the R. H. A. which went into the fatal valley in support of the light horsemen. Sergeant-major Joy Smith, of Cardigan's old corps, was in the chair. The dinner was private, but there is no betrayal of secrets in saying that it was very pleasant. Loyal sentiments and gossiping reminiscences of the campaigns that are over, alternated with toasts to the memory of dead comrades, and to the remembrance of the glorious day which was being kept. Of the enjoyments provided for the public the principal was a promenade concert in the Great Central Hall, under the skilful direction of Mr. Dan. Godfrey, of the Grenadier Guards. Julien's well-known British Army Quadrilles were rendered with excellent effect, the fifers and drummers of some of the Household Regiments and the pipers of the Scots Guards joining in with picturesque contrast to the clangour of the brass instruments. Mr. Pennington recited Tennyson's poem descriptive of the battle amidst much enthusiasm. He was clad in the identical uniform he wore in the charge as a private in the 11th Hussars, and delivered the lines with a vigour, spirit, and earnestness which elicited great applause. After an assault-at-arms by a party of the 1st Life Guards, and the performance of some extraordinary sword feats, the crackle of petards warned those inside the building that the fireworks show had begun. The night was as propitious for an exhibition of the kind as it had been bespoken, being dark and still. Mr. Pain excelled himself, and that is paying him high praise. There was a colossal luminous outline of a hussar, with drawn sword, on a charger in full career. This was intended to represent Lord Cardigan leading his brave followers up to the muzzles of the Russian guns. The multitude welcomed this splendid specimen of pyrotechny with vehement cheers.

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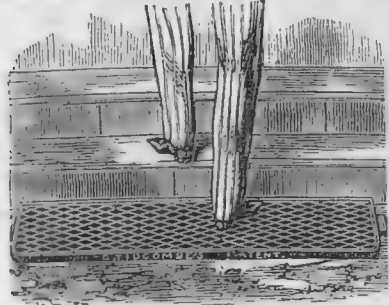
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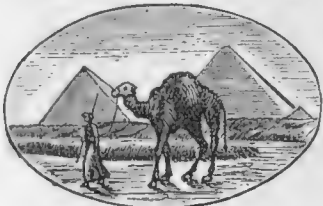
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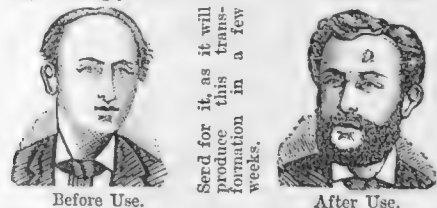
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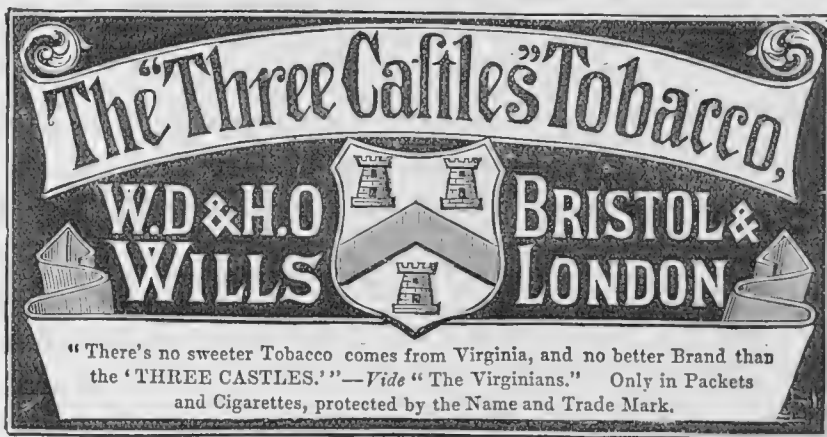
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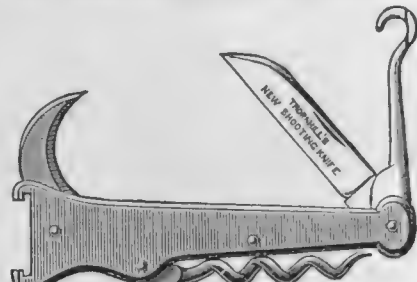
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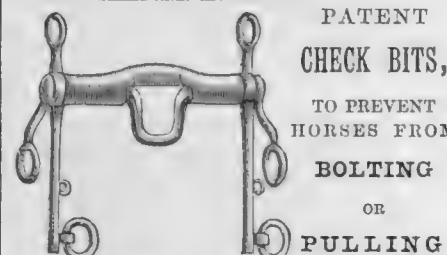
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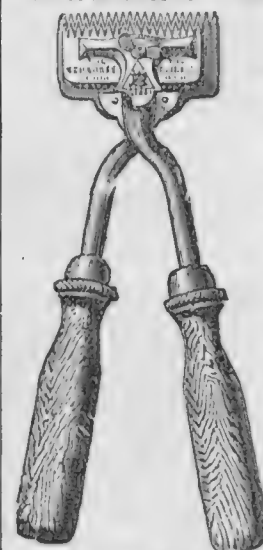
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2. CHRISTMAS FARE (1864), by Plum Pudding out of Linda by Teddington; covered by Pellegrino February 27.
3. SAVOR VIVRE (1865), by Wild Dayrell out of Sagacity by Theon, &c.; covered by Pellegrino April 19.
4. BELLE OF HOOTON (1871), by Stockwell out of Bessie Bell by Touchstone, &c.; covered by Pellegrino May 7.
5. DEVOTION (1863), by Vedette out of Priestess by The Doctor, &c.; covered by Cardinal York April 16.
6. LOVE LETTER (1862), by Ethelbert, her dam Postage by Orlando, &c.; covered by Pellegrino February 24.
7. WANDA (1876), by Parmesan out of Grand Duchess by King Tom, &c.; covered by Paul Jones April 14.
8. MATCHLESS (1868), by Stockwell out of Nonpareille by Kingston, &c.; covered by Cymbal.

N.B.—All are believed to be in foal.

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2. BANGLE (dam of Bayadere) by Surplice, her dam Bracelet by Touchstone out of Manacle by Emilius; covered by Paladine.
3. OUTCRY by King of the Forest out of Alarum (sister to Vulcan), by Alarm out of Maria Vincent by Simoon; covered by Cymbal.
4. LADY CHESTERFIELD (dam of Armada) (dam of Bella, Fair Maid of Kent, and Atalanta) by Stockwell, her dam Meanece by Touchstone out of Ghuznee by Pantaloon; covered by King of the Forest and by Cymbal.
5. POMPELO by Lecturer out of Tomato by Tom out of Mincemeat by Sweetmeat out of Hybla by The Provost; covered by Cymbal.

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INCIDENTS OF INDIAN SPORT.



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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## DRAMATIC.

W. WALLACE.—Mr. George Meredith delivered his lecture on Comedy at the London Institution, Finsbury-square. His leading idea was that a comedy should awaken not only laughter, but thought, and if it failed to do it was no true comedy.

A. F. K.—Mr. Benjamin Webster was present at the twenty-first annual festival of the Dramatic Sick Fund, and the chair was occupied by its founder, Mr. J. W. Anson.

R. T. H.—Mr. Walter Donaldson died at the age of 84, on the 19th of December, 1877. His very interesting book, "Recollections of an Actor," was published in 1865, but in that little closely-packed volume—now scarce—you will find very little about his own career; it deals rather with the history of the stage, from about the close of the last century downward to our own time.

J. EASTHAM.—A new edition will shortly appear.

J. E. Y.—We can suggest no other way than to ask some friend of Mr. Irving. A fac-simile was published in the *Era Almanack*, a few years back.

## SPORTING.

WANDERER.—Thornaby won the Derby in 1860, and ran fourteen times as a two-year-old. He won the Ascot Cup in his fourth year. He was brought from Middlethorpe to Doncaster as a yearling in 1858, by his breeder, Mr. Plummer.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

PENHOLDER.—No. Mr. John Timbs worked hard all his life and died in extreme poverty. Neither Douglas Jerrold nor Mark Lemon were less industrious, although they were not far removed from absolute poverty at their deaths.

H. D. R.—Inigo Jones, the architect, was originally a joiner.

MANCHESTER.—We have often read the statement. The Rev. Mr. Robinson, in his "Natural History of Westmoreland and Cumberland," tells us "that early one morning he observed a great number of crows very busy at their work upon a declining ground of mossy surface, and that he went out of his way on purpose to view their labour. He then found that they were planting a grove of oaks. The manner of their planting was this: They first made little holes in the earth with their bills, going about and about until the hole was deep enough, and then they dropped in the acorn and covered it with earth and moss"; and he adds, "The young plantation is now growing up to a thick grove of oaks fit for use, and of the height for the crows to build their nests in."

R. N.—We remember reading the lines:—

"For I, averse to ridicule,  
Content to be, not seem, a fool.  
Decline all sitting, standing, lying,  
To be made game of—shoot me flying."

They were attributed to Charles Reade, who is said to have written them in reply to the Editor of *Vanity Fair*, when he requested Mr. Reade to sit to their artist for a caricature.

GOLDENHAIR.—You can walk across Camden Park to Chislehurst from Plaistow, where there is a railway station, and a very enjoyable walk it is. Chislehurst, although but half an hour's ride from Charing-cross, is a very pretty country-like place, well worth a visit. It is a place we often visit.

TEMPLE.—Monkeys will get drunk if you supply them with the means of doing so, and drunken flies are not unknown, as witness those very clever verses by H. S. Leigh. Dogs too have been trained to get drunk, and we have heard of a drunken horse, but as a rule beasts do not, and will not, get drunk.

B.—"The Wicked Lord Mohun" may have been buried at Totteridge, but his tomb is certainly not there, and we have the authority of the rector for saying that no record of his interment in Totteridge churchyard is in existence.

PHILO.—The Editor of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* published a long list of works, which the late John Stuart Mill studied as a boy, in a letter to the Editor of one of the London dailies, in February, 1877. We have no note of the exact date, and have forgotten the paper's name.

THE PURCHASER.—On March 18th, 1874, two amounts of £200 original gas stock sold for £418 each, and £214 1s. 8d. original gas stock for £454.

AUTUMNAL.—The best comment will be found in Bishop Warburton's words. On the occasion of some dispute in the House of Lords he remarked, "High birth is a thing which I never knew anyone to disparage, except those who had it not. And I never knew anyone make a boast of it who had anything else to be proud of."

RICHARD E. TODD.—We do not know whether the residence of Campbell the poet still exists at Sydenham. Some few years back, when it was to let, we saw it. It stood on Peak Hill, or Pig Hill, and the house nearest to it was that occupied by Mr. J. B. Buckstone, the actor.

EAT. WILKINSON.—We fear not, because a story so precisely similar was told by Mr. Spurgeon. We give it in his own words:—"There is nothing in the world that impresses a man so much as trust. Some years ago I was mastered by a dog in that way. I own, in fact, that I was beaten hollow, and he was conqueror over me. He came into my garden, and he had no business there. Thinking that he would not improve my flower-bed, I walked along quietly and threw my stick at him, and thus advised him to go somewhere else. What did that dog do? He stopped, picked up the stick, wagged his tail, and came running to me with it, and laid the stick down at my feet. I felt ashamed of having thrown my stick, and the dog was told he might come round the garden when he liked."

G. E. S.—We do not know how the Editor gets his information of the private doings of high life, unless it is from below stairs. We do not think he is footman in a nobleman's family, merely because he is always to be found in his editorial room, or at his printer's office. Perhaps he goes out to wait at table in the evenings; we know that greengrocers sometimes do this, and should think more highly of some Editors' honesty and modesty if they adopted their example. Of course he does not rely exclusively upon his imagination—it would be such a very poor, uncertain reliance. Please, G. E. S., don't ask us to guess this riddle again—we give it up at once, and for ever.

## THE ILLUSTRATED

## Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1879.

## DE REBUS VENATICIS.

THOUGH Frank Butler and the roast goose which he so regularly ordered and devoured at the close of the Houghton Meeting in each year would be dubbed a pair of foolish birds in these days when the agony of racing is prolonged to the end of November, there are, nevertheless, many who still retire, like Horace's *conviva satur*, from the feast already sufficiently prolonged and exchange the rail-side for the covert-side at the commencement of "regular hunting." Sooth to say, we are sufficiently imbued with the dry and crusty spirit of old fogydom to chime in with these sentiments, and as there is a season for all things, we think that a seven-months' spell should be considered sufficient to satisfy the followers of a sport which so greatly depends on fine weather for its enjoyment. True it is, that racing caterers have vastly improved upon their former meagre November programmes, and are liberal enough in their endeavours to promote sport; but all they can show is for the most part mere handicap, plating, and selling stake business after all; and we must be content to wait another four or five months before any real interest is imported into racing by means of the antagonism, upon equal terms, between our crack three and two-year-olds. We shall not be blamed, then, if we prefer going into winter quarters along with Bend Or, Beaudesert, and Robert the Devil, to watching the doings of smaller fry at Liverpool, Shrewsbury, Warwick, and other resorts beloved of insatiable gamblers in the month of fogs. Perhaps the racing year, on the increase of which reviewers and analysts will soon be busy, has not been one of the liveliest or most interesting on record; but *spero meliora* must be our cry, as we sail pleasantly along devious country lanes, or over plains and wolds to the first familiar trysting place of the "season of seasons," when the desultory woodland warfare of "cubbing" has made way for the regular campaign, which we all hope will be pleasantly prolonged. Fortunately depression in trade and consequent tightness in the money market, though they have been instrumental in reducing the magnitude of hunting studs and the price of horseflesh, have not interfered with the production of foxes; neither, as we have good reason to believe, has the wettest spring and summer yet recorded worked such wholesale destruction among cubs as in the case of their natural food, the pheasant, rabbit, and other denizens of the covert. 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good, and accordingly the vulpine race have prospered and multiplied, when other animals *ferre naturæ* have sickened and diminished. From hunting quarters all over the kingdom come satisfactory returns; and though the country generally is described as blind and heavy going, both drawbacks will be readily endured for the reason that the causes of them are among things ever earnestly prayed for by hunting men. Throughout the entire year there has never been a suspicion of "bone" in the ground, and disciples of Nimrod are most unlikely now to be troubled with hard going, at least as the result of a dry time in the autumn. Concerning "scent," that mysterious and unaccountable influence in making or marring the pleasures of the hunting season, we shall not be so bold as to hazard useless conjectures; but doubtless "for a consideration" Brother Jonathan will be willing, from a *bureau* specially constructed for that purpose in New York, to transmit indications of a condition of things favourable to sport or the contrary, and foxhunters will find upon their breakfast tables a "forecast" of what is in store for them in the field. If we may judge from prices recently forthcoming for high-class hunters, the market is not overstocked with these commodities; and at Melton things promise as brilliantly as usual, and by the prospects furnished by such resorts we may fairly claim to be able to "feel the pulse of fox-hunting" all over the country, and to judge thereby of its healthy condition.

It is satisfactory to note that, after the dispute which occupied so much of the attention of diplomatists of the chase during the recess, a profound peace seems to have taken possession of the hunting world, now happily *pax et bellis civilibus*; and as a good understanding appears to subsist between the contending factions, a prolonged truce may reasonably be anticipated. Fortunately these quarrels relating to hunting boundaries are not so formidable as the settlement of the territorial differences of nations after desolating wars, and no bad blood remains behind in the majority of cases which have to be laid before what may be termed a national tribunal. Hunting men are proverbially tenacious of their rights and privileges as they are jealous of interference with the sport to which they appertain; but excess of zeal in so good a cause may well be overlooked, and the differences of opinion which exist are not of the sort to sunder friendships, nor to jeopardise the existence of amicable relations.

While on hunting topics, we may appropriately direct attention to the proposal which is to come before the Grand National Hunt Committee at their next meeting regarding the qualifications of hunters. The question has long been in a highly unsatisfactory state, and now, as a last resource, it is proposed to sever the Gordian knot by doing away with hunters' certificates altogether. That they have all along been a delusion and a snare is only too evident, and we feel sure that no one will suffer by their peremptory abolition, and thus a great reproach will be removed from the class of sport to which they belong. As to the proposal which has for its object the encouragement of the gentleman rider element in hunters' races to the exclusion of professional talent, we feel by no means so certain as to its utility, but a fuller consideration of the subject in all its various aspects may very well be left to those who have evinced their anxious desire to place all things in the world of steeplechasing on a reasonable and satisfactory footing.

As a fitting conclusion to these brief and desultory remarks with which we have hailed the new birth of a

branch of sport held in special honour by Englishmen, we can do no better than renew our advocacy of an institution in connection with the chase, the prosperity and extension of which we have greatly at heart. The Hunt Servants' Benefit Society has now been in existence long enough to have had its principles and its practice tested to the utmost, and it may be said to have come triumphantly through the ordeal not only of public opinion but also of privately ascertained claims to utility. From its very birth it took strong root and flourished in a congenial soil, while its originators and subsequent promoters have left no stone unturned to place its finances on a solid and satisfactory basis. Great care, judgment, and thrift is exercised in distributing the charitable funds at its disposal; and while other benefit societies have occasionally failed in their object from faults of internal administration, the sound policy adopted from the first in connection with the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society has never for one moment been called in question by subscribers to the charity or by recipients of its bounty. The aims and objects of the institution are such as cannot fail to carry with them the warm commendation of all interested in the well being and comfort of a class of men who minister to our pleasures in pursuing the *certainis gaudia* of the chase. Seeing that accidents and mishaps are our invariable attendants in every walk of life, and that these are somewhat more frequent among those who follow a risky, though not perhaps what may be termed a dangerous, occupation, we are encouraged to make our appeal more forcible; and we trust that the end of the year will see but few regular hunting men whose names have not been enrolled as subscribing members to one of the most deserving and admirably administered charities in the kingdom.

## REVIEWS.

*The Science of Taste, being a Treatise on its Principles.* By G. L. London: Edward Stanford.

In art doctors do indeed disagree. And our practical students who hope by the diligent study of books on its principles to guide their efforts aright are much to be pitied. Of the development of new theories whereby the works of painters and decorators, sculptors and architects are evermore to be tested, there is no end. Pretenders to taste grow more numerous every year, and most of them write essays or books, or deliver lectures. Not even when dealing with the purely mechanical and scientific elements of practical art work do they agree; and when principles of a more subtle and refined nature are to be defined and demonstrated the number of wide variations and flat contradictions they involve a thoughtful reader in becomes absolutely appalling. Then there is so much bigotry about such writings. Each tells you that his is the only true, straight, and narrow path, out of which there is nothing but damnation. Even profoundly learned disquisitions, eloquent in language, full of earnest feeling, involve the fascinated but unhappy student in a maze of the most perplexing, bewildering complications and contradictions.

In the work now before us the author says, in his preface, "This book is not published because of any insufficiency in the number of works devoted to art-culture, but because, notwithstanding all that has been written upon the subject, guiding principles are still unelucidated." This we expected. Writers of his class all say this, or something to the same effect. In the introduction G. L.—who withholds his name but gives his photograph—boldly pounces upon that fruitful source of controversy, the Beautiful, defining it, primarily, as "that which, by attracting the eye, satisfies and elevates the mind." Cowley wrote of Beauty:—

Beauty, thou wild fantastic ape,  
Who dost in every country change thy shape;  
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white,  
Thou flatterer, who compest with every sight.

But G. L. thinks that tastes are so various merely for want of "rational discussion," and asserts that if we devise anything "essentially good, something which satisfies the common yearnings of civilised humanity," it will "as surely court universal approbation as the skill of the accomplished chef will elicit general commendation." Of course that which commonly "satisfies" will be generally commended, but here there is much virtue in the "if."

Mr. Ruskin, writing of Beauty, defined "any material object which can give us pleasure in the simple contemplation of its qualities without any direct and definite exertion of the intellect" as "in some way or some degree beautiful," although he was careful to add that loftier moral feelings could not be affected without also appealing to the intellect, and also stated—following St. Augustine—that "delicate and untraceable perceptions of fitness, propriety, and relation" were most probably concerned in the operation. G. L.'s "rational discussion" could hardly alter an effect which was due to no "direct or definite exertion of the intellect," although it might increase our power of perception in connection with those tangible qualities of Beauty, "fitness, propriety, and relation." Thackeray, perhaps, hit the truth when he asked, "Is Beauty beautiful, or is it only our eyes that make it so?" but he merely echoed Plato, who suggested that Beauty only existed in the mind which conceived it. Burke thought the effect of what we call Beauty was a physical—not mental—effect, and, going farther, described it as due to such a relaxation of the nerves and fibres as a warm bath might produce, an idea which has, of course, been mercilessly ridiculed. It was, we think, Piere Buffer who sought to prove that Beauty consisted in familiarity, that things rare were like monsters, ugly only because they were not common. Alison claimed Beauty as the result of association with the common affections and emotions of humanity. Payne pointed out that some forms of Beauty, such as those of colours and sounds, were beautiful apart from these associations. Lord Jeffrey very safely defined it as "the reverse of ugliness." Sir Joshua Reynolds thought it resided in the happy medium between one extreme and another, and poor Haydon, the painter, believed that all real beauty, "morally, mentally, and physically, had its origin altogether in woman." Notwithstanding all these, and innumerable other different opinions on the subject of Beauty, all of which have never wanted, and do not now want, able advocates, G. L. is content to summarily dismiss a subject which underlies the whole of his elaborated edifice in two very short paragraphs, the pith of which is given above. Here is "rational discussion" resulting in anything but one opinion as to the merits or truth of any one idea on the subject of Beauty.

From Beauty, G. L. goes to Taste, a subject not less provocative of controversy. G. L. says again Taste "is eminently a subject within the influence of rational discussion," whereby "it will not be long before principles are established," together with rules deduced from "those ascertainable laws written upon the open volume of nature before us." Observation and "rational discussion" will, doubtless deduce rules from nature;



in this way only can the artist obtain such guidance, but while human perceptive powers vary in kind and degree, while intellects are weak and strong, stimulated by fervent or passionate feeling, or left inactive by apathy and indifference, such rules must lack that uniformity in opinion and practice, the absence of which G. L. bitterly laments, and the cure for which is, he thinks, merely careful observation and "rational discussion." The friend whom the author condemns for refusing to argue concerning a certain piece of decorative artwork, which is fully described, on the ground that it was simply a matter of "taste," was not after all so very wrong. Arguments upon matters of taste are not novelties, do not often result in uniformity of opinion, so that "rational discussion," if it ever can quickly establish a code of laws beyond all future doubt and discussion, has been a very long and wearisome time on the road to that, more or less desirable, consummation. Although G. L. regards the question of Taste "more as a matter of judgment than of mere sentiment," he may rest assured that in matters of art, as in most other things, "mere sentiment" will always continue to exercise a very powerful if not a dominant influence. Let our quarrel, however, be not with sentiment, but rather with that false sentiment called fashion which G. L. very severely, properly, and forcibly denounces. "Within the present century," he says, "it was usual to set up a pagan temple for Christian worship, to back an Athenian portico with a steeple; to erect memorials copied from those in Rome and trophies designed after the monoliths of Egypt. We had Algerine Pavilions, Egyptian Halls, Trajan Columns, Gothic Granaries, and Cleopatra Needles by the score. Even for the very lamp posts, as we may witness throughout the region of Mayfair, the brain of the Briton appeared to soar no higher than the obelisk. And this taste has not died out. Nor will it do so until we perceive and practically acknowledge the false reasoning upon which it is founded." For false reasoning we should substitute the word fashion, a mere thing of caprice, with which neither sentiment nor reasoning of any kind has ever had the slightest connection. The author's argument for gas fires in the place of coal fires for the avoidance of smoke, its offensive effects and destructive influences, desirable as it may be from his point of view, has more we should think to do with "mere sentiment" than "rational discussion."

Space will not allow us to enter more fully into the author's peculiar views; but although we are far from regarding the difficulties he contends against in the first portion of his work as the weak, almost imaginary things he appears to consider them, yet we are thoroughly at one with him in the larger number of his opinions, and heartily endorse the bulk of his comments upon the still widely prevalent amount of vile taste and inartistic judgment displayed in paintings, sculpture, architecture, decoration, house furniture, and personal adornment.

*The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.* By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON. London: Seeley, Jackson and Halliday.

So little satisfaction was given to artists by the late Mr. Walter Thornbury's loosely-written, careless biography of this great painter, that when last year the work now before us first appeared we hailed it with no little eagerness, and perused it with the greatest pleasure. Bringing to his task the greatest honesty and earnestness, clear insight and careful thought, with literary ability and the practical experience of a very observant landscape artist of high standing, Mr. Hamerton has placed before us such a life of Turner as we could not hope to obtain from any writer less experienced as a painter and student of nature. The frank way in which the preface confesses that Turner "is at once the most comprehensive in his study of nature and the most independent of nature, the most observant of truth, and also, in a certain sense, the most untrue," prepares us at once for impartial investigation; and when admitting a truth too commonly ignored it adds that, however closely art may resemble nature, yet "art and nature are not the same world, but two worlds," we recognise in its writer that which "Turner, with the instinct of genius, understood from the first." We perfectly agree with Mr. Hamerton when he adds, with all his study of objects and effects Turner was never a naturalist. Nature and truth were held in subordination to the poetical conceptions and feelings which they inspired in the artist, and those principles and rules of practical art which he had laboriously tested, studied, and acquired by much observation and a careful series of student-drawings and experiments became powerful agents in forcibly conveying to others what he had imagined, thought, and felt in the presence of nature's beauty and grandeur, rather than what he actually saw. Mr. Hamerton places beside several outline drawings of Turner's compositions accurate topographical studies from the places they are supposed to represent, clearly showing Turner's bold and utter contempt of actual facts. To remove mountains, strip the hillsides of their forests, alter their shapes, omit turrets and chimneys where such things were most conspicuous, add or remove important architectural features, violate the commonest rules of perspective, and the best known scientific facts in connection with picturesque natural effects, were no crimes against art in the eyes of Turner, although Mr. Hamerton goes perhaps too far when he says Turner paid "as much attention to truth of all kinds as poets generally do. He lived in a world of dreams, and the use of the world of reality, in this case, seems to have been only to supply suggestions and materials." If Mr. Matthew Arnold in his "Church of Brou" places it up amidst the mountains instead of "in a low country six miles from the first rise of the Jura Hills," groups beside it sun-proof pines and a leaping stream which have no actual existence on the spot, and puts a famous tomb "in the nave" instead of "on the right hand side of the choir," and if other poets have done likewise, such instances must be accepted simply for what they are worth, because other instances of equal poetic power exist in the works of painters and poets which are not at variance with even the most careful rendering of facts and truth of detail. It is a mere confounding of vices with virtues, faultiness with perfection, to suppose that because some artists are great despite their prominent failings, their mistakes are to be overlooked or regarded as essential to their triumphs. How shall we blame the old school of landscape painters whom Sir Joshua Reynolds upheld and Mr. Ruskin so fiercely assailed for "generalising" the features of nature, destroying individual perceptions and original characteristics, disguising ignorance, indolence, or want of capacity by ignoring actual facts, and substituting for them the conventional and artificial, if we admit with Mr. Hamerton that because the word-poet ignores truthfulness, the same fault is not to be blamed, or is to be overlooked, in the works of a painter-poet? Mr. Ruskin once said sweepingly, "Every alteration of the features of nature has its origin either in powerless indolence or blind audacity, in the folly which forgets, or the insolence which desecrates, works which it is the pride of angels to know and their privilege to love." And while we have productions full of beauty and truth, in which facts, thoughts, and feelings unite to give poetic expression both to language and to the painter's representations of nature, there is no just reason why he greatness of a Turner should blind us to his errors.

Mr. Hamerton's view of the great landscape painter's life and works is that of an artist, and practical hints of the highest

value are to be gleaned from it in rich abundance. His interest is clearly rather in the works than the man, whose private life and character were not attractive, but we have always thought that a little more sympathy with Turner's personal existence as he struggled along the road to the great goal of his genius might have discovered the clue to many of his eccentricities; and a clear-sighted, thinking student of character, familiar with the lives of self-made men and the class from which he sprang, might we think easily see beneath the sordid outer husk of the proud, retiring, suspicious, taciturn, rough-mannered, miserly painter something more nearly akin to the beauty and poetry of his wonderful productions.

*The Great Artist, J. M. W. Turner, R.A.* By W. COSMO MONKHOUSE. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington.

In this ably written work the great landscape painter whose name it bears is regarded in a light more purely that of his social life. It is not so practically and professionally critical as Mr. Hamerton's well known *Life of Turner*, a re-issue of which is also reviewed on this page. Nor is it defaced by that straining after romantically picturesque effect and imaginative theatriac contrasts which spoilt the late Mr. Thornbury's very unreliable *Life of Turner*, despite the profusion of materials it wastefully embodied. Mr. Hamerton helps us to understand more clearly and appreciate justly and properly the works of Turner. Mr. Monkhouse helps us to a clearer perception of the artist's personal character and the circumstances which developed and gave it shape. Those who have the one work should also possess the other, and as the price of the series of illustrated biographies of great artists per volume is extremely moderate, it will not tax their purses to any extent worth mentioning to do so. Mr. Monkhouse, however, is not content to leave the works of his great artist uncriticised, and nearly all he says of them is practically sound and good. His comments, for instance, upon Mr. Ruskin's eloquent but nonsensical description of Turner's dragon are full of shrewd common sense, and cannot be gainsaid.

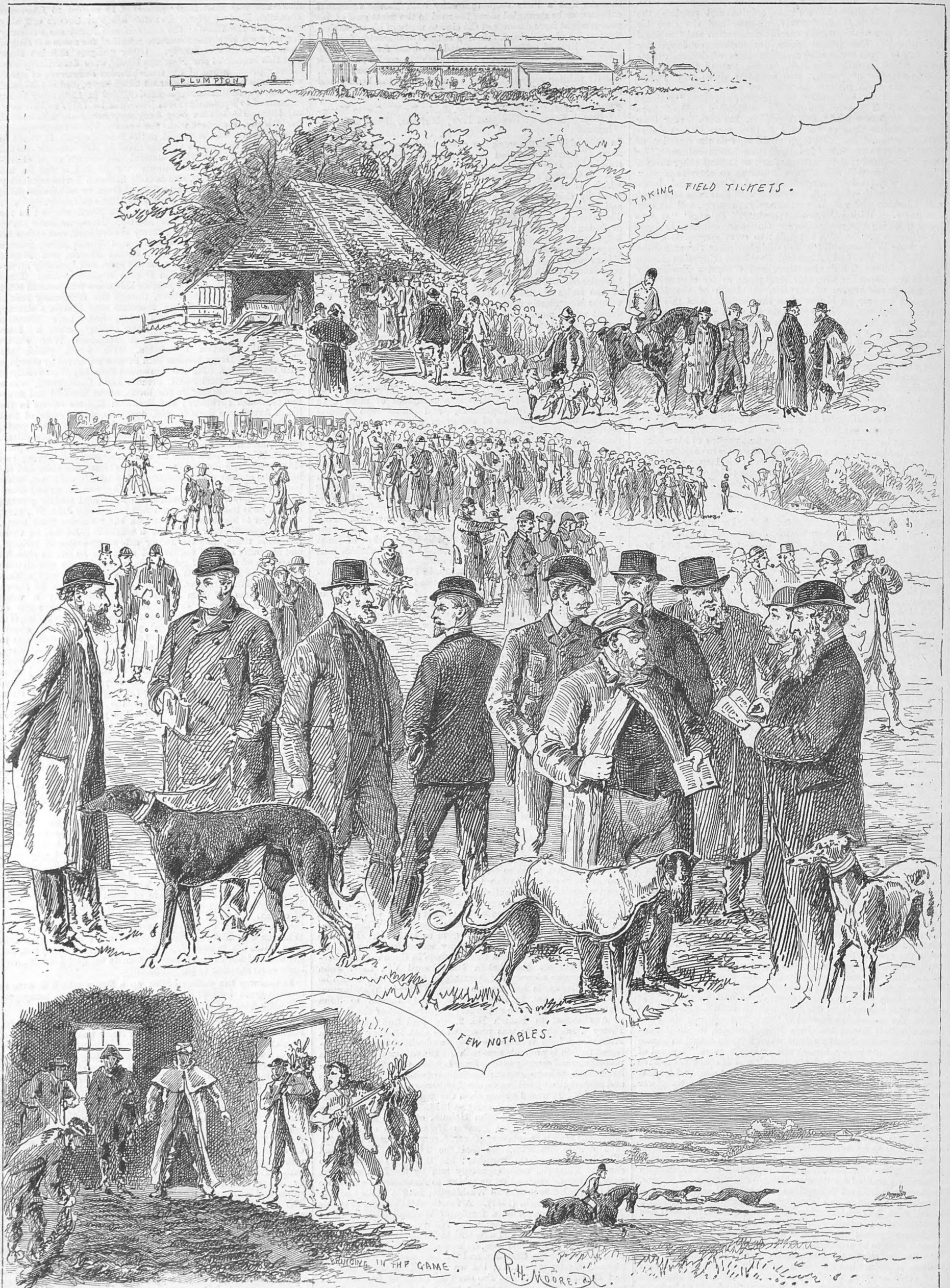
*Yorkshire as the Home of the Washingtons.* Newcastle-upon-Tyne (privately printed). This is a pamphlet of more than ordinary interest to Americans, and those who admire the character and actions of the great American patriot and president. It had its origin in some startling statements on the subject which appeared in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* for March, 1879, ignoring recent discoveries which show that the Washington family of Sulgrave could not have been that from which the President was derived, the author says: As the claim is put forward so persistently for Sulgrave and the county of Northamptonshire as being the district from which the progenitor of the American President immediately branched, let us see what can be said in favour of an old rival claim, viz., Adwick-le-street, in Co. York, and then proceeds to the investigation of some pedigree sketches of great interest, strongly suggestive of the theory that Yorkshire was, indeed, the home of Washington's ancestors. In that of John Washington, the emigrant, or settler, in 1657, which is generally recognised as being correct, so far as it does record, we are struck on inspection by certain names. As regards Christian names, John and Lawrence, running together in brotherhood firstly, and then the somewhat rare name of Augustine; and as respects surnames, those of Pope, Warner, Whiting, and finally Butler. With these extremely slender data to work upon, the task of solving the problem from whence did the first emigrant originally derive becomes a rather pretty piece of inductive reasoning. Tradition, which, in all these inquiries, should have its legitimate weight, but nothing beyond, says that the two original emigrant brothers were from some very Northern county of England. One hardly esteems anything now-a-days as the North of England, until the Southern borders of Yorkshire or Lancashire are crossed and it was probably much the same heretofore. With what places, then, north of this boundary do we find the name of Washington associated? As a territorial name, the township of Washington, in Durham, situate about 6½ miles S.S.E. of Newcastle, and about the same distance W. of Sunderland, in the said County of Durham, seems the most likely source. A family of the name were early Lords of the Manor, and a William de Washington, in 1350, had license to settle this Manor on himself, on his wife, Catherine, and on his own right heirs; the direct line failed previous to 1400, and Dionisia, the last surviving heiress, married Sir William Tempest, of Studley, Co. York, and no doubt carried the Manor into that family. The Washingtons did not flourish in the county after that, but are found in other counties, and in London, that great metropolis, to which the unfortunate of any grade so often gravitate to escape notice and publicity, and from whence fortunate individuals, as frequently emerge, seeking to establish themselves as men of mark in a less populous community. What is true in this respect to-day was no doubt equally so in times gone by in due proportion. When the recently confiscated Church lands were to be bought at a price temptingly below their value many successful citizens and traders of London invested their savings in these enticing bargains. Thus we find that in 6th Edward VI., 1551, John Dudley became possessed of Armthorpe, in Co. York, which he shortly afterwards had license to sell to Richard Washington, whose son, James, in 1555, sold a moiety thereof to John Holmes. From a glance at the very imperfect list of the Rectors of Armthorpe, in Sketch No. 2, we shall find that in 1574 Henry Postlethwaite was presented to that Rectory by John Holmes and John Washington, Esq., no doubt of the families referred to. It is probable that both the Holmes and Washington proprietors had recently sprung from London, though equally probable that both had a previous association of some sort with the lands and property they had thus acquired, either by residence, marriage, or kinship. It would appear from the registers that the Washingtons were at Adwick as early as 1548. In another pedigree sketch it will be seen that John Holmes, of North Mimms, Co. Herts, was father of that Francis Holmes who acquired an interest at Hampole, another Manor, formerly Church property, in Yorkshire, in which we find the names of Holmes and Washington associates together; but it will be necessary to consider Hampole, more especially and by itself, in a future page, so for the moment let us return to Armthorpe, where we find it recorded that Martin Washington held a moiety of the Manor in 30th Elizth. (1587). A fourth sketch shows that this Martin was a member of a family of Washingtons, seated at Adwick-le-street, about four miles NNW., of Doncaster, both in the county of York, and near both to Hampole and Armthorpe. And here, as in a former case, let us observe what is remarkable both as respects the Christian and the surnames. Notably, the name of Martin is peculiar; but we also find the names of John and Lawrence linked, and also the rare name of Bartholomew occurring in the sketch, which raises the inquiry, whence were these names adopted? Was there any other family of note or importance whence these names would be likely to be derived from being associated with these Washingtons, by blood, alliance, or even juxta residence? In answer to this question the author gives a fifth pedigree sketch, which shows that a branch of the historic race of Hastings resided about this period, as well as long before, at Fenwick, no great distance from Adwick-

le-street, and that the identical names were in use by that family, and were probably carried to the Washingtons by some alliance bringing the two families into close relationship. The name of Lawrence was most likely preserved in regard to Lawrence Hastings, Earl of Pembroke; the name of George probably came from the Dary's; the other names found are evidently derived from recognised sources, notably, the name of Hugh, from the Despencer family. Other pedigree sketches show that this branch of the Hastings family were descendants and direct representatives of the feudal Barons Burghersh, of which race Bartholomew de Burghersh, third baron, died in 1355, and his son, the last male representative, died in 1369, after being summoned to Parliament from December 15, 1357, to February 24, 1368. He left an only daughter, Elizabeth, who carried the Barony, together with the estates, into the Despencer family, from whom it passed to the Beauchamps. It would be only natural to suppose that the name of Bartholomew should be preserved among the collateral descendants of so distinguished a race, and accordingly we do find it was in use among several families, and notably in South Yorkshire; it may be very generally traced to a descent from, or an alliance with, this influential and nobly descended Hastings family. The name of Darcy seems to have been much adopted in the same way, as well as that of Martin. Thus, we have Darcy Wombwell, Darcy Rawson, Darcy Washington, and others all proceeding from intermarriages; and Martin Anne, Martin Frobisher, Martin Washington, Martin Saxton, and Martin Hastings, all found within a limited area, and probably all deriving their name of Martin from a common source. There were two other individuals bearing this name who seem in some way connected with the above, though the connecting link is not clear; they were Martin Barnham and Martin Calthrop, both eminent citizens of London, and both founders of county families, the latter being also a kinsman to Queen Elizabeth. A Barnham West occurs among the Rectors of Aston, with which parish the Hastings and Darcy families both became connected by marriage with the Meltons. He was descended from the West family of Aughton. Barnham Swift, created Lord Carlingford, was a well-known landholder in the levels, about Hatfield and Armthorpe, South Yorkshire; and Barnham Holmes occurs in the list of Armthorpe Rectors, and, doubtless, was a scion of that family of Holmes who acquired church lands in those parts. Referring back to the Martin Washington, who, in 30th Elizth. (1587), held a moiety of Armthorpe, a glance at the pedigree, Sketch IV., will show that he was third son, only having two elder brothers, John and Richard, this latter, the older and the heir, who carried down the main line of descent; but, what became of John, the second son? Why was he passed over? He is not shown by the pedigree to have died unduly young; indeed, he is but scantily mentioned. Was this John W., then, a stranger to his family, through an early absence from home, and so passed over? Was he a soldier? Did he, in those troublous times, take the losing side on questions of religion, and so render himself too marked a man to be left in peaceful possession of property? And, finally, was he the grandfather of John and Lawrence Washington, the emigrants and settlers of 1657? The dates would agree, and unless it can be shown what became of him more satisfactorily many a worse surmise than this, I expect, has occurred. The name of Washington, as an emigrant, has hitherto escaped my notice, if to be found in any of the usual printed lists; and I apprehend, therefore, that the date, 1657, applies more definitely to a settlement in Virginia than to leaving the mother-country, although both events might have occurred in that year. James Washington, a great nephew of the above-named John and Martin W., was a colonel in the Royal Army, and is stated to have died or been slain during the siege of Pontefract, circa. 1648-49. Tradition affirms that the President's ancestors suffered for their loyalty. About the year 1657, Cromwell's power had become so consolidated that a more likely time for a disappointed Royalist to leave his country could scarcely be. If John and Lawrence, the settlers, were grandchildren of either John or Martin they would naturally take with them the tradition that their second cousin, and the head of their family, had been slain *ex parte Regis*, at Pontefract. In 1635, amongst the passengers in the good ship "Ye Paule, of London," certified at Gravesend as Church of England emigrants, occur the names of Cyprian Warner, Augustin Harwood, and Thomas Warner. How suggestive that an intermarriage produced that Augustin Warner, from whom the name passed to the President's family. A deed advertised for sale some twelve months ago, by Mr. James Coleman, of Tottenham, but formerly of High-street, Bloomsbury, W.C., the well-known collector, afforded the particulars of sale of property in London by a John Washington, and Margaret, his wife. The indenture is dated June 5th, 1657, and bears the signature of both John and Margaret Washington. They were entitled in her right to a sixth share of certain houses in London, she being daughter and one of the six children of Henry Harwood and Martha, his wife. Whether this Harwood family was of the same stock as that from which the present Lord Berwick derives I know not, but the name of Martha occurring as aunt to the first Lord Berwick lends some sanction to the probability.

In this way the author builds up a theory which is sure to awaken great interest in America, and which has many probabilities, possibilities, and suggestive facts in its favour.

We have received from Messrs. Griffith and Farran, of St. Paul's Churchyard, a little batch of their books for children, which in the forthcoming gift season will be sure to be remembered. *Wrecked, not Lost*, is a very interesting Russian story of adventure, by the Hon. Mrs. Dundas, embodying in a popular form a large amount of geography and natural history. Its defect is the disjointed effect given by two very brief chapters. *Among the Brigands*, by E. E. Bowen, is a Christmas story told by the library fireside, in which Italian scenery, architecture, customs, and costumes are ingeniously interwoven with a romantic and interesting story; to which is added a story of *Uncle Toby's Voyage on an Iceberg*, and other stories. *Christian Elliot; or, Mrs. Daver's Prize*, by L. N. Comyn, is a well-written story of school life and a runaway schoolboy, told with considerable literary power. *Ways and Tricks of Animals*, by Mary Hooper, is a book of pleasant anecdotal pages and pictures of animals, &c., for very young readers. The stories are all very goody, but we must confess that our sympathies go the wrong way sometimes, as, for instance, in that story of "Tim's False Friend" we lean rather towards the naughty little sparrow, who loves nature and liberty, and is true to his natural instincts, than towards the cage-loving bird who contentedly sells his noble liberty for sensual creature comforts, and thinks himself—as the authoress thinks him, and the little reader is intended to think him—very virtuous and good in consequence. *African Pets; or, Chats About our Animal Friends in Natal*, by F. Clinton Parry, is perhaps the best book of the parcel, the author having the happy knack of writing children's books for children in a chatty, pleasant, familiar way, using none but the simplest words and ideas, telling his interesting stories in just such language and in just that style which children will readily understand and heartily appreciate.





PLUMPTON COURSING MEETING.





THE START FOR THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—LARTINGTON SHOWS THE WAY.



## CHESS.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. H. KNIGHT.—Thanks for your courteous communication. You are quite right. Solution of problem 250, by J. R. (Brighton), is correct. There is not any error in diagram 251. Solution of problem 251, by Julia Short, is correct. J. RADEMACHER.—Your perspicacity is commendable; and your solution of problem 252 correct in all the variations. Toz.—We have pleasure in complying with your request, and thank you for your favourable opinion of "Mars' anecdotes. We are happy to find from letters received that your opinion is held by all the leading players in the United Kingdom.

THE COMMITTEE OF THE NORMAN CHESS CLUB, 27, Wigmore-street.—The concoctors of a letter received would, no doubt, be glad to see their composition in print. If there is such a club we shall be glad to notify its existence on being duly certified thereof by the signature of the secretary or any other official.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 251.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to Q R sq	P to R 6 (a)
2. B to Q B 4	Anything
3. Kt mates.	

(a)

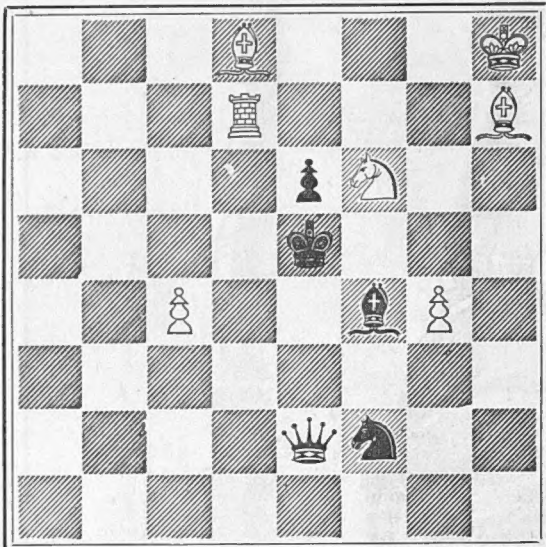
1. ....	If R to Q B 6 or K 3
2. Either B takes R	P to R 6
3. Kt mates	

## PROBLEM No. 252.

By H. E. KIDSON.

As this problem was incorrectly printed last week, we give a correct diagram. We may say that it was pronounced by Herr Howitz a most charming composition, and by Mr. Boden one of the best problems he had seen for several years.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

An interesting game in a match between Mr. G. C. Heywood and Mr. W. N. Potter; the latter giving the odds of a pawn and two moves.

[Remove Black's K B P.]

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Mr. Heywood.)	(Mr. Potter.)	(Mr. Heywood.)	(Mr. Potter.)
1. P to K 4	.....	15. Kt to K R 4 (e)	Kt to R 3
2. P to Q 4	P to Q Kt 3 (a)	16. R to B 3	Kt to K 5
3. B to Q 3	B to Kt 2	17. R to R 3 (f)	B to Kt 4
4. P to K B 4 (b)	P to K 3	18. Q to Kt 3	B to K 6 (ch)
5. Kt to K B 3	Q to K 2	19. K to B sq	B takes P
6. Kt to B 3	Kt to Q B 3	20. Kt to K 2 (g)	B to B 7
7. Castles	Castles	21. Q to B 4	B takes Kt
8. P to Q R 3	P to Q 4	22. R takes B	Kt takes K P
9. P to K 5	P to Kt 3	23. Kt to Kt 3	Kt to Kt 3
10. P to B 5 (c)	Kt P takes P	24. Q to Kt 5 (h)	Kt to B 2
11. B to K Kt 5	Q to Kt 2	25. Kt takes B P	Kt takes Q
12. B takes R	Kt takes B	26. Kt takes Q	Kt takes R
13. Q to Q 2	B to K 2	27. R to K sq	R to B sq (ch)
14. Q to B 4 (d)	P to K R 4	28. K to K 2	Kt takes P

White resigned.

(a) A defence not so hackneyed and probably quite as good as any of those authoritatively recommended.

(b) B to K 3 is more effective.

(c) A very good move; Black must now submit to the loss of the exchange or compromise fatally his position.

(d) Gallantly but foolishly paying too much attention to his queen, when he ought to have despatched her Majesty's officers to the protection of the king.

(e) White's position is now very difficult; the move made seems useless, nor do we see any way by which the advantage of the exchange which he has obtained can be utilised.

(f) What advantage could a player of Mr. Heywood's ability expect from floundering about his rook in this way? His only chance of saving the game was Kt takes K B P.

(g) It matters not what he does, the K P must fall, and then the onrush of Black's central pawn will be irresistible.

(h) If Kt takes P, Black's queen takes Q Kt P and wins.

## CHESS CHAT.

I HAVE just heard from New York that all the arrangements have been completed for the long talked of match between Mr. Hosmer and Captain Mackenzie, and I understand that the contest would have been commenced some weeks ago, but for the miscarriage of a letter relating to the time and place for the meeting.

In the Delmar-Barnes match the latest score is—Delmar 4, Barnes 2, drawn 2. At the conclusion of his encounter with Mr. Hosmer, Captain Mackenzie has engaged to give Mr. Delmar the odds of pawn and move in a match.

I regret to announce the decease of the chess column which for the last two years has adorned the pages of the *Holloway Press*.

It was the special organ of suburban metropolitan chess, and was conducted with great spirit, judgment, and impartiality. This department of chess will in future find an able record of its proceedings in the *North Middlesex Magazine*.

Mr. Blackburne visited Glasgow on the 22nd ult., and gave an exhibition of his simultaneous play. He encountered twenty-one opponents, several of whom belong almost to the first rank, and the result was that he won nineteen games, lost one, and drew one. On the 24th he played ten strong opponents, not only simultaneously, but without seeing either boards or men.

In a brief notice which I gave a short time ago of the leading London clubs I omitted to mention the "Ladies' College Club." As I have spent several pleasant evenings there, and was always welcomed most heartily by the members, I feel that my negligence is almost unpardonable, and, indeed, I should despair of forgiveness but that my appeal for it is made to a tribunal which ever delights to dispense mercy more abundantly than justice. Last Tuesday week I visited the spacious saloon of this club in Little Queen-street, Holborn, and found a goodly number of chess boards in requisition; and though ladies and gentlemen were engaged in fighting very hard, yet courtesy and kindness were the order of the day. Several well-known players were present, including Messrs. Potter, Manning, Lord, Heywood, and the ladies were represented by Mrs. Down, the Misses Down, Mrs. Heywood, and others. I had the honour of playing two games with Miss Nellie Down, giving her the odds of a knight, and was guilty of the unknighly act of winning one of them, the other being drawn. This young lady defeated Mephisto eight months after she had begun to learn chess, and I believe it was her generosity that allowed me to win, as some compensation for a victory she achieved over me last year on even terms. The club holds its meetings every Tuesday at eight o'clock, and all persons who desire good games and fair players ought to hasten to its rooms and enroll themselves as members.

Mr. S. S. Boden, whilom the English chess champion, is still one of our foremost players; but for many years he has abandoned so-called serious, or, more properly sand-glass chess, and devoted his abilities almost exclusively to his art as a painter of landscape in water colours; I am glad to say he has achieved a high reputation. Mr. Boden is also a wit and an excellent story-teller in a small and select company. The following is a specimen of his impromptu wit:—On one occasion when he was playing chess he was much annoyed by a gentleman who sat by his side, and who, whilst pretending to watch the game, really devoted his time and attention to an unclean pipe. He seemed to find his greatest pleasure, not in smoking the pipe, but in filling it and in emptying the ashes from it, and whether it was the fault of the pipe or of the gentleman I cannot say, but so it happened that the ashes invariably found a resting-place either on the sleeve of Mr. Boden's coat or on the chess-board. As was his custom, the champion was winning largely, and after some time the unclean smoker timidly hazarded this remark: "Mr. Boden, you are carrying all before you, you must have won a little fortune." "Oh," was the reply, "we are not playing for a stake." "Indeed," was the rejoinder, "oh! you don't care for any filthy lucre." "No, sir," glancing at pipe, sleeve, and board consecutively, "nor for any filthy on-looker either!"

MARS.

## VETERINARIAN.

## No. 3.—HYGIENE (CONTINUED).

**Flooring.**—Besides being level in every direction, we concluded that the floor of the stall must be well drained by grated gutters having a good fall, and we objected to bevelled iron bricks, because of their cutting the straw into short lengths. Then, again, the wet does not get away from them. It really is a difficult matter to secure the conditions we have indicated, but it is practicable with care. No absorbing substance, such as wood, should be used. A wealthy firm we once knew stabled 80 horses in this way, in two large stables, holding 40 horses each; the stall floor had above it a raised platform of wood, which the horses slept upon. No end of illness ensued, blood-poisoning predominating, and we had a few of these platforms lifted. Under each was a stagnant pool of liquid manure, so that each horse that indulged in lying down to rest slept with his nose directly over, and but six inches removed from, a delicious pool. The firm reasoned that to buy straw for bedding would cost £100 a-year, our reasoning being that they lost at least three £60 horses a-year through death from this cause: that their horses were sickly and often laid up, and those not actually ill and laid up could not be kept in condition, and therefore did less work than they otherwise might. We do not utterly condemn this raised wood flooring. If the floor under it has an unusually good fall, is made of concrete, and can be syringed with cold water from a hose every day, and thus kept free from accumulation, the sanitary conditions are all fulfilled, save and except the absorption of gases by the wood, which is not very much, on account of the surfaces of the wood being free. The wood, too, is warm, and requires little straw; but if this flooring be used nothing short of the requirements we have named will prevent the state of matters we have depicted. The flooring of loose boxes must conform to the principles laid down. The mouth of the drain for the stall should never on any account be in the centre of the stall or loose box floor. In the case of the loose box it need not be in the box at all, whilst in the stall it is conveniently placed in the gutter at the back. The bad air from stagnant, deleterious matters is popularly thought to cause positive illness, in which horses are completely laid up. And so they do. But by far the greatest evil they do is this: the horse breathes sickening gases, the appetite is partly lost, and he is thrown into lower condition rather than into actual illness, and is less fit than he otherwise would be, so that two horses have to be reckoned upon as one in work, or at least three as two.

**Food Holders.**—These are the manger and the hay-rack, with

or without a water holder. The manger we can dismiss in a few words. It is of wood, of wood lined, of plain iron, or of japanned iron. Plain wood has these disadvantages: it becomes saturated and sour; wears into holes, and is less durable. Wood lined with some metal such as tin fails on account of the tendency the metal lining has to get torn from the wood in parts, and then presents dangerous edges and points. Plain iron also is objectionable through its liability to rust; so that japanned iron only, or an equivalent such as pottery ware, meets all requirements. The worst that can be said of iron for mangers is that it wears the horse's nippers and breaks them, giving his mouth a "cribbing" appearance. But we know of no other drawback that it has. The hay-rack may be of wood or iron, but in no case should it be placed so that the hay is much above the horse's face when he is grasping at the hay. When placed high, hay seeds drop over the face and not unfrequently into the eye. With regard to water holders, we should not have mentioned the matter, but in these days of din from quasi-humanitarians and their foibles we may say that it is a mistake to let water be within reach of the horse at all times. Instinct in him is not always to be trusted. As we have before said, a copious draught of cold water may be taken when the body is heated, but not when the body is fatigued as well. Water by accident may be placed in his trough, and a fatal draught taken at these times. Then, again, it is not desirable that he should have the chance of drinking copiously just before a journey, or drinking during meals, as his foolish betters do, and destroy his chances of happy digestion. Doubtless with a servant who would use the manger trough as he uses the pail no harm would come, but then why have the trough fixed and practically use a pail instead?

**The stall partitions** we might almost have passed over. Of them we would just say that horses are of a sociable disposition, and some will urge that they ought to be allowed to see each other when tied up. This is so, but unfortunately they will approximate their noses, and so spread diseases by means of the respiratory organs. Glanders, strangles, influenza, and other diseases are thus caught. So that for safety we prefer isolation, at least of the heads and heels. We cannot secure isolation of the heels with the short stalls frequently found to exist. Short stalls are very dangerous. If a horse hangs back in his stall, his next neighbour may very easily hit him if the stall separating them be short; and when this happens the part struck oftener than not is the part which answers to our shins, namely, the tibia, on its inner aspect. No mark is left, the horse is dead lame, and perhaps the bone fractured, and he has to be shot. Most good, careful dealers habitually place straw around their hind stall posts, a practice most commendable, as the straw, if well selected and neat, is an ornament rather than otherwise, and of its protective benefits there can be no doubt. If a horse is not lamed by hitting his hocks against a stall, he is at least bleached and deteriorated, and if required for sale he presents too great a likeness to a member of the P.R. for many buyers' tastes.

**Stall linings** should always be of some material easily washed and kept clean. Glazed bricks are excellent for the head of the stall. All parts of the stall which the nose can by any possibility reach should be of non-absorbent material, and should present no ledges or crevices which cannot be scoured and cleaned on all their surfaces. The virus of some contagious diseases keeps its infecting properties months and even years. We knew a farmer who had glanders in his stables for years, in spite of destroying, selling out, and otherwise ridding himself of diseased subjects. Fresh horses were added, which fell victims as sure as they were brought, and he had to pull down and burn his wooden arrangements in the end. Several agents are known which effectually destroy this virus, but virus, like the hare, has first to be caught, and when lying in all conceivable crevices and niches these have first to be found and then evacuated. All attempts at ornament, or any other arrangement whatever giving rise to minute recesses which can harbour one grain of virus, should not be tolerated where it is at all possible the horse's head may reach at halter's length. Beauty should be aimed at in the stable as elsewhere, but when any arrangement is in contemplation such as we have indicated that may be by any chance an inoculating centre, let plain surfaces prevail, if need be, at the sacrifice of beauty.

(To be continued.)

A DAUGHTER of Mr. Serjeant Cox, the well known author of "What am I?" and other valuable philosophical and legal works, has a new novel in the course of publication, which will appear early in November. It is entitled, "In Sheep's Clothing," by Mrs. H. Bennett Edwards, author of "A Tantalus Cup," &c., &c.

MR. SUTHERLAND-EDWARDS delivered an interesting lecture upon "The Opera" at the Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour-street, W., on Monday evening last. The lecturer approached his task with an evident knowledge of and sympathy with his subject. The origin of opera, its growth, and extension were described, and many little scraps of intelligence which a traveller among the bye-path of history gathers, but which are unknown to the general reader, were introduced. Coming to modern operas and its exponents, the lecturer adopted a lighter strain, and dwelt for some time upon the labours, the characteristics, and the rewards of the prima donna, not sparing her jealousies and weaknesses. The tenor received a considerable amount of attention, as did other prominent operatic personages, and Mr. Edwards wound up a pleasant discourse by a brief examination of the objections which have been made to opera. His conclusions were that they are for the most part futile, and that the opera has advantages over other forms of the drama, among which he pointed out as noticeable the fact that in opera, where a harmonious combination of voices is possible, peculiar opportunity for the creation of dramatic effect is afforded. The lecture, which was listened to with great attention, is to be repeated on this, Saturday, afternoon.

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